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The second of Mr. Hugh Walpole's articles on life to-day in Russia will be printed in the SATURDAY REVIEW of 30 January.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

No one saw the Zeppelins over Norfolk; but it is agreed that the Zeppelins have come at last. They have killed a boy, a soldier's widow, a shoemaker, and an old lady. They have in this way demonstrated that the Zeppelins, though in the mixed encounter at Cuxhaven they were outclassed by the battleships and hydroplanes, are able to travel far unchallenged and to destroy life and property from a height that puts them beyond attack except from the air itself. The evidence, so far, is that the Zeppelin is not a first-rate weapon of war. But it is undoubtedly effective for sudden raids across an undefended frontier; and, more especially, it is very well suited to the sort of war in which the Prussian genius excels.

Undoubtedly the Zeppelins will come again in greater force and with more deadly intent. The raid on Norfolk is probably a mere rehearsal. The Zeppelin has yet to prove its military and naval efficiency; but it has already proved that, unless it is met in its own element, it is going to be a savage, marauding menace which we must resolve to destroy. The evidence from Yarmouth shows that our people will accept the Zeppelin as they have accepted the war—without unnecessary exclamation. Clearly there will be no panic when the grand raid is launched. It is not easy to understand the "wild delight" and "satisfaction" in Germany over the Norfolk invasion. It has proved that the Zeppelin can travel silently and far and drop bombs with some degree of accuracy upon a town. But the achievement, in its immediate results, is less "glorious" than the raid on Scarborough and Whitby, even from the point of view of the Germans, who count the civilian dead as evidence of prowess and success.

The public wisely refrains from bitter denunciation of the Zeppelin raid as a crime and an outrage. The killing of unarmed civilians who have broken no law of warfare is murder, whether the killing is done by a common cut-throat or by men in a Prussian uniform. Nevertheless, this is not the time for hot and angry words. When murder is done it is not customary for people to come together and say that murder is an evil thing. Nor do we collect opinions concerning the deed as though we were collecting evidence for an election campaign. Neither condemning the Germans in our own Press nor reprinting the condemnations of Germany in the American and Italian Press will prevent the Zeppelins from returning. We have to concentrate upon warding off the Zeppelins as effectively as we can and upon finishing this brutal war. It is better to insist that Great Britain must be strong and resolute and prepared to the teeth than to clamour that the Germans are a murderous people—which every man knows.

Mr. Raikes, Recorder of King's Lynn, put the moral of the raid briefly and well on Thursday. Charging the Grand Jury at the inquest upon the murdered, he wisely forbore to express amazement at the crime. "The only defence against such raids," he said, "was to end the war. Another million men now would mean in the autumn an army against which no Continental Power could stand." An appeal of that kind is worth any amount of declamation concerning the "savagery" of war.

This does not imply any admiration of the attitude which prompts some people to see in an affair like this of Yarmouth, or like the even more tragic events at Hartlepool, Whitby, and Scarborough, nothing but a fillip to recruiting. We have heard those who still profess to believe that voluntary recruiting will meet our military needs almost chuckling with delight at the prospect of more recruits driven in by the Zeppelins. Surely there must be something wrong with a system of recruiting that depends upon such filliping as this. How many more women, children, and unarmed men must be killed before the new armies are raised and

equipped? The question is a fair one in view of some of the talk and nonsense we have encountered to the effect that the raid makes an excellent recruiting sergeant. Are we to continue depending on the spasmodic indignation and alarm of the people to make up the necessary total of our men? Surely it is time we ceased to count upon such arguments as these. Otherwise we may shortly see the champions of so-called voluntarism rubbing their hands at yet more inquests of the coroner.

The heaviest fighting this week is in the Argonne. Significantly, it is the Germans who have attacked and the French who have countered. After a partial success of the enemy in Bois de La Grurie the French regained their position after two successive onslaughts. This seems to indicate that the Allies have not yet imposed their strategy upon the Germans. The Germans still refuse to accept a merely defensive conformity to the dispositions of General Joffre. As to the Eastern theatre, the Russian Staff again prefers to be silent. We hear still of German attacks beaten off; and we also hear of 80,000 German troops passing through Hungary to cope with Serbia.

The credulous optimism of a section of the Liberal Press was cruelly exposed last week in the story of La Bassée. Take, for example, the "Westminster Gazette". On Friday of last week the "Westminster" strongly underlined a British victory at La Bassée, which has since been cancelled, and put discreetly away in small type the successful offensive movement of the Germans at Soissons. It was obvious, even on the showing of the false news itself, that the operations at La Bassée were not comparable in importance with the grave evidence at Soissons that the German armies in France have not yet accepted the defensive; that they are as able as ever to strike forcibly at a chosen point; that the line of the Aisne after four months of fighting is still an impregnable bulwark against the advance of the Allies. But the "Westminster" starred the success at La Bassée and discounted the reverse at Soissons. This conduct was not, of course, peculiar to the "Westminster". From a number of optimist Liberal newspapers last week one might reasonably have inferred that the latest telegrams from the Front pointed undoubtedly towards speedy victory and success; that the Germans were on their defence; that their collapse and retreat were only a matter of weeks and days. The English were advancing. It was true that, owing to an unfortunate flooding of the river at Soissons, some trivial advantages had been snatched by the enemy in the West. But the English were advancing.

This was the really inexcusable offence of the optimist newspapers—the writing-up of what was clearly a small success and the writing-down of a not inconsiderable reverse. The offence is common; but in this case it was aggravated by the fact that there had been no success at all at La Bassée. Some super-optimists are so eager to be deceived in the matter of victories and advances that they necessarily fall head-long into every trap. In this case they fell with so astonishing a unanimity that on going to press last week in a flutter of telegrams, which were unchallenged by the Press Bureau, we were overwhelmed into believing that there must be something after all in the news from La Bassée—that these rumours were not merely an effort to balance our reverse at Soissons.

Now, however, the truth is out; and the public is left a little bewildered and deeply distrustful of all cheerful news. There is nothing so disheartening as a disappointment of this kind. It implants misgiving which attacks even what is true and authentic. The incident of La Bassée is most regrettable; and the public owes to the newspapers which trod carefully in the matter—notably to the "Times", which was

entirely right all through—a real debt. We shall never realise the greatness of the task in front of us so long as false importance is given to every small advance of the Allies. Possibly the optimists will henceforth forbear to accept greedily every little rumour to our own advantage. Otherwise the true cheer will suffer with the false. The public will lose faith in all good news if they are systematically fed with reports that have afterwards to be contradicted.

The visit of Count Burian to Berlin drives home the warning we gave our readers last week not to believe too readily in the breaking of Austria. Austria still stands firmly by her ally. There is no perceptible weakening. The retirement of Count Berchtold is no indication that the policy for which he stood is imperilled. Count Berchtold has retired, but a German army of relief is marching to reinforce the Austrians on the Serbian frontier. Serbia has yet to fight again. A correspondent of the "Times" lately in Austria has this week written a remarkable article on the position of Hungary in the dual monarchy. He clearly shows that the Magyar is bound to stand or fall with the German party at Vienna. Magyar and Prussian have been the joint oppressors of the Slav races in the East. They are in this war together to the end. If there is to be a split it is not likely to come between the ruling races of Hungary and Austria. It will come between the Austrians and Magyars on the one side and the Slav races—Rumanes, Ruthenes, Croats—on the other.

We see that Mr. Harold Cox is trotting out the old argument that it is not the business of Great Britain to supply the Allies with the land forces needed for winning the war. But, alas, that steed is broken-winded now indeed, and, like the Trojan horse in Robert Lowe's quotation, is fit for nothing but to be put out to grass. Mr. Cox should have urged it well before the present Government set aside the last remnants of the old British policy of "splendid isolation", as Lord—then Mr.—Goschen termed it, and adopted, instead, a large and exceedingly responsible European policy. Why the Government did this was explained by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in a speech in the House of Commons only a few sessions since. After that change of policy—which we are not here criticising or condemning—and after the definite grouping of the three Powers, France, Russia, and Great Britain, the old idea of a very small army for home defence, or for a modest expedition to the colonies, went by the board. The change in policy meant that we must be a military as well as a great naval Power. You may—or may not—be able to "dig out" great navies; but you cannot cart them over land and employ them in trench and siege warfare, except here and there, by good fortune, near the coasts. Therefore, obviously the British Navy was not of itself enough for this land war.

If anyone doubts this he has only to cast his eye around and see what the war organisers are doing. He has only to read Mr. Asquith's speeches. He will surely then see at once that the Government and the whole of the Liberal, Radical, and Labour parties admit we have to find a vast deal more than ships with which to help our Allies. They admit we must—to clear Belgium, etc.—find some three million men for new armies on a great scale; and they will not deny, we imagine, the necessity of finding even four million men, if the authorities presently ask for that number. How, then, can it be gravely contended that we are not bound to take a great and signal part in the land side of the campaign? It is well, no doubt, in some degree to live in the past, but the habit can be overdone. The Little Army man and those who follow him should project themselves a little more into the present: they should go to Wool, Lyndhurst, and Salisbury Plain to get a true idea of our recognised military obligations to-day.



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The blunt truth is this: no Jingo, no ultra-imperialist, thirty, twenty, or ten years ago ever dreamed a military dream on a scale half as great and wonderful as that of the Prime Minister and his whole Cabinet and Mr. Arthur Henderson, the Labour Leader, to-day. These whilom Peace Ministers are perforce engaging in gigantomachy. If the ghost of John Bright could be conjured up in these times, it would see in Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Lloyd George, and Mr. Churchill a band of Super-Militarists. This is clear enough; unfortunately it is not clear that these statesmen, with their horror of "Compulsion", see their way through the vast struggle they are embarked upon.

We have received from Mr. Stephen Paget the quarterly report of the Research Defence Society. This Society is fighting a very difficult and necessary campaign against the silly propaganda of a sect which is at present actively trying to persuade our soldiers against being inoculated for typhoid. It is scientifically proved that the soldier inoculated against typhoid is "protected" to an extent which makes the risk of the inoculation itself negligible in comparison with its advantages. The folly of the societies which fanatically refuse to accept the evidence would be entirely their own affair if it were not that they are able to work on the fear and suspicion of the scientifically ignorant. Cannot something be done to check the propaganda of these anti-inoculation societies? So long as they merely offended by the vulgarity of their methods there was no defensible case for their restraint. But the lives of our soldiers are now at stake. These societies, by persuading "unprotected" men to expose themselves to infection, are as surely helping to kill our armies as the men behind the German howitzers. We have seen advertisements and articles published by these societies on which injunctions should be granted on the ground that they are against public policy. Meantime we heartily wish Mr. Paget and his colleagues well in their useful work of exposure and education.

The "Margaret", lately the Hamburg-America ship "Dacia", is expected to sail from Galveston this week with a cargo of cotton destined, directly or indirectly, for Germany. The voyage will make a test case in international law. Under the Declaration of Paris, which, although unratified by Parliament, and therefore not an instrument, the British Government recognises as its general guide in this war, the transfer of the "Dacia" from the German to the American mercantile marine is illegal and invalid; and the fact that the transfer has been made to a German-American citizen connected with the copper trade is in itself an argument against the good faith of the transaction. The attitude of the American Government is uncertain: it has allowed the "Dacia" to be registered as an American ship, but has refused its insurance; and the authorities at Washington clearly do not quite like the transaction, since they have suggested to the British Government that the "Dacia" should be treated as an exceptional case and permitted to make a single trip. Clearly this doctrine cannot be accepted; the "Dacia" would be a precedent for the whole of the Hamburg-America and Norddeutscher Lloyd liners to put to sea under the neutral flag. The American Press, which shows some impatience with its Government's lack of decision, clearly recognises the right of the Allies in this matter; but the German-Americans have forced the issue to a trial.

There has been much wild talk as to the sudden rise in the cost of living. The reasons are simple and reassuring. There is a temporary shortage of supplies in this country, a temporary shortage of ships to bring fresh supplies, and a permanent—at least "for the duration of the war"—diminution of or abso-

lute ban on supplies from neutral or enemy countries. The Government stated at the opening of the war that five months' stocks were in hand, and while consumption has been normal the replacement has not been normal; hence diminishing supplies and higher prices. Clearly the only way to bring down the price of food is to produce more food, and the only way to bring down the cost of ship-carriage is to build more ships. There has been talk of corners, rigging the market, and hoarding of foodstuffs by the producers; but there is no evidence of this.

The Treasury regulations for the control of new capital issues have been well received. Broadly, the Treasury has aimed at keeping the money of the country fluid in the country; this is not a time to export capital or to finance new enterprises in other lands, unless they are British lands and urgently in need. When the Treasury has to float a new War Loan—which will be imperative later in the year—it will be well to know that the floating capital and the public's savings are on deposit at the banks waiting for the national needs. Meantime the Stock Exchange does quiet steady business in investments and cheerfully accepts minimum prices and the restrictions on purchases and sales. But outside attempts to deal in Consols below the fixed price must be watched: the present price must come down in the end, to secure a yield about equal to the new War Loan, but that time must not be anticipated, and the present official price must be maintained.

Those who have looked on at the training of our grand new armies, or heard discussions as to the value of service and discipline, should turn to Mr. Kipling's story, "The Drums of the Fore and Aft". Some of Mr. Kipling's Army tales are an excellent warning against the idea that courage and a little shooting are all that is required of a company under fire. The soldier coming under fire for the first time "may either deploy with desperate swiftness, or he may shuffle, or bunch, or break, according to the discipline under which he has lain for four years. . . . If he looks to the right and the left and sees old soldiers—men of twelve years' standing, who, he knows, know what they are about—taking a charge, rush, or demonstration without embarrassment, he is consoled and applies his shoulder to the butt of his rifle with a stout heart. His peace is the greater if he hears a senior, who has taught him his soldiering and broken his head on occasion, whispering: 'They'll shout and carry on like this for five minutes. Then they'll rush in, and then we've got 'em by the short hairs!'

"But, on the other hand, if he sees only men of his own term of service turning white and playing with their triggers, and saying: 'What the Hell's up now?' while the Company Commanders are sweating into their sword-hilts and shouting: 'Front rank, fix bayonets. Steady there—steady! Sight for three hundred—no, for five! Lie down, all. Steady! Front rank, kneel!' and so forth, he becomes unhappy, and grows cruelly miserable when he hears a comrade turn over with the rattle of fire-arms falling into the fender and the grunt of a pole-axed ox. If he can be moved about a little and allowed to watch the effect of his own fire on the enemy he feels merrier. . . . If he is not moved about, and begins to feel cold at the pit of the stomach, and in that crisis is badly mauled, and hears orders that were never given, he will break, and he will break badly." Mr. Kipling is here thinking of a small frontier affair with an enemy in Eastern lands "generally tall and hairy, and frequently noisy." But the general moral of the story is true for all kinds of war, and clearly demonstrates why it is not possible to make an army in six weeks. Company-drill is monotonous, but it does enable each member in the ranks to know his neighbour and to get hold of the idea that his neighbour is to be relied on to be in his place at the critical moment.

## LEADING ARTICLES.

## THE GOVERNMENT AND THE ZEPPELINS.

WE should greatly like to know, and we believe that the vast mass of intelligent and practical people of this country would also greatly like to know (1) What the Government have been doing in the immediate past (2) what they are doing in the present and (3) what they are prepared to do in the immediate future to guard against and defeat such dangerous, and if often repeated, disastrous raids as that of the Zeppelins this week on the East Coast.

We wish to make it perfectly clear that in putting these questions we cast not the slightest disparagement on either the Army or the Navy. On the contrary, we are as convinced as ever that both these Services, officers and men, in every branch are doing all they possibly can to protect the country. But it is the business, and the one great duty, of the civil power at the present time to furnish those Services with ample war material of all sorts.

The question which the country is asking to-day is, Has the Government fully supplied the Army and the Navy with the means by which to fight and destroy the German Zeppelins and other aircraft whenever they reach these shores? Frankly, we do not believe for a moment that guns fired from the ground or from public buildings can defeat the peril. In this connection everybody should read a short letter which appeared in the "Times" last week. The writer told us in so many words that shooting at aircraft thus was like trying to bring down mosquitos with a peashooter. We believe that in the main he is perfectly right. Every sportsman knows how difficult it is even to hit with a shot-gun a pheasant travelling quickly at 30 yards or 35 yards up in the air; and this should give some idea of the extreme difficulty of hitting hostile aircraft going 100 miles or 120 miles an hour and at 3,000 feet, perhaps, above the earth. What the writer, who we are quite certain spoke from expert advice, pointed out, was that we must have plenty of small fast aircraft ourselves to deal with the German Taubes or Zeppelins. Have we these craft, and have we enough of them, or half enough of them, and, if we have, how is it that Yarmouth and King's Lynn have not been protected by them? We think that the Government ought at once to reassure the public in this matter. Of course, it is somewhat late in the day to start the elementary precautions of this kind, but better late—indefinitely better—than never. We have had our surfeit with a vengeance of unpreparedness in the past.

There are some politicians to-day over-eager to have it both ways: in one breath they assure us that their leaders strongly disapprove of all forms of "Militarism" and that Great Britain never has been, can, or ought to be, a great military Power; whilst in the next breath they assure us that, thanks to the prevision and energy of these same non-martial leaders, Great Britain was yet perfectly well prepared for the war with Germany when it was declared last August. These two propositions are incompatible—indeed, like Charlotte Corday and Marat, they are "mutually destructive". It is true these politicians who wish to have it both ways do admit that Great Britain has not quite enough trained soldiers and quite enough war material for this tremendous struggle on land against Germany; "but", they urge, "no more had Germany enough men and material at the start for carrying through her task". That is an ingenious contention, but we fear it is not very ingenuous. The real point, of course, is that Great Britain, despite her great potential resources in men and material—which Lord Kitchener is now developing with magnificent energy—was absurdly ill-prepared and under-supplied in land forces for such a campaign as she entered into when the Government rightly declared war in August last; whereas Germany, alas, was obviously not ill-prepared and under-supplied at the

very start. Germany has to replenish her men and material; whereas Great Britain has to begin in earnest with her preparations months after the declaration of war—that is the difference between the two cases. It is no use trying to evade this very clear truth by explaining that the British nation has never regarded it as a duty to be ready with a great Army for a land campaign on the Continent; for the Liberal Party, it cannot possibly be denied, accepted, of their own initiative and accord entirely, a Continental policy and line of action which made such a great Army necessary. They shook off the last trace of that "splendid isolation" in their Continental grouping and policy of which Lord Goschen once boasted, and they went instead into an exceedingly large and an exceedingly ambitious Continental policy and line; and, as is now absolutely proven beyond the least vestige of a doubt, the deliberate adoption by them of that large and ambitious line necessitated a correspondingly large and ambitious Army for use on land—which Army was not supplied and not even thought out. We by no means attack or censure their going into Continental politics on a new scale. The Government explained a year or two ago in the House of Commons why we were bound to do so unless we wished to lose power and influence and be dangerously isolated; and we thought at the time that there was much in what they said. But what we do regret greatly is that when they adopted this striking and large Continental policy they refused altogether to prepare, or even to plan out, the great land force adequate to that policy. Nay, more—when Lord Roberts proposed to them a weapon fit for such a policy, at least one of their spokesmen—namely Mr. Acland, then and still Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs—described him as wicked.

The lesson is clear and simple; and it is supremely necessary to bear that lesson constantly in mind, lest again we drift grievously unprepared into some great land struggle. The lesson is this: If we are to go into Continental politics on a great and ambitious scale we must always be prepared, well beforehand, with the power to uphold our views and pledges. If we had taken this precaution when Lord Roberts urged us to take it we should be in a very different position to-day; indeed, war might not have broken out at all.

Meanwhile all we can do now is to put the whole of our resources into this tremendous struggle for life. Experts evidently hold that we need a fleet of special aircraft to meet and destroy the German Zeppelins and the German Taubes, which are going to raid our shores from this time forth. We trust we shall hear that such a British air fleet is now being fitted out to deal with the German murderers of defenceless civilians when the next raid takes place.

## THE INCREASED COST OF LIVING.

THE sudden rise in the cost of living has surprised and disconcerted our people. All the weekly bills are increasing slowly but steadily, more especially the bill for meat, bread and groceries; and the extra halfpennies on butter, jam, sugar, matches, even on firewood, come to a considerable total at the end of the week. Fish is cut off by the economical, coal costs more than during the coal strike, and the gas companies are warning customers that their prices may shortly be raised in consequence. At first glance one sees no reason for this increase, which was expected but did not occur when war broke out in August, and was not expected but has occurred now that war has become the normal condition of life in January.

The British Navy controls the seas, and supplies can reach us from all the world except enemy countries, whose sole food export to Britain was sugar; and it is no consolation to us to discover that, despite our Navy safeguarding our supplies and excluding theirs, Germany is at this moment suffering less from increased cost of food than ourselves. Raw materials for industry may be dear in Germany and the cost of war



material excessive; but the price of food has scarcely increased at all, save in a few exceptional commodities, and the "Kriegsbrot" adulterated with potato-flour and the continual appeal to housewives for economy are clearly no more than precautionary measures against possible future shortage. Nothing is gained by disputing these unpleasant facts, which are a direct side-issue of the war; but something may be gained from analysing their causes.

Our difficulties in this respect are clearly due to lack of foresight, and the German lack of difficulties is due to organisation—the organising of the Empire on the assumption that it will have to feed itself in war. The ideal of a self-supporting people has been nearly achieved in Germany as regards the food of the nation; in manufactures, of course, the case is necessarily widely different, but as it was reckoned that exports would practically cease automatically in time of war, the import of raw materials became of little importance. In coffee and cocoa Germany is well stocked; tea she will no doubt import as she requires it, now that the British Government has for some reason removed the embargo on its export; in the staples of life, grain, meat, potatoes, Germany produces nearly 90 per cent. of her requirements. A shortage of 10 per cent. is not famine, particularly when a certain number of her troops live on the enemy's country—a calculation taken into consideration, no doubt, before the war. The reason for this self-sufficiency is undoubted—the German policy of protection for agriculture. It has been unpopular in industrial districts in peace time, but its justification in a nation contemplating war is that it makes the country self-sufficient in war time. Great Britain is in quite another case. We have come to rely more and more on free imports as our population increased. The safety of this course has been enquired into by various commissions on the question of food supply in war time, and these bodies have always rested on the assumption that so long as the British Navy controlled the sea our supplies would be safe. The assumption was sound, for supplies are coming in, but unfortunately this vital consideration has proved not the only consideration.

The sea-routes are safe, despite the terrific threats of German admirals to torpedo our mercantile marine; but we are short of ships, men, railway facilities, and we have run short of stocks in hand. Our competitor is swept from the seas, and our mercantile marine has a practical monopoly of ocean carriage; but a considerable part of the British mercantile fleet is engaged on Admiralty service, and the remainder cannot do all the work demanded of it. Besides the regular demand for food supplies, it has to deal with the exceptional demand for war material, which naturally and properly has precedence; it takes longer to unload cargoes at the docks, owing to the unprecedented congestion, some ports being closed by the war and others overcrowded; when the cargo is unloaded it takes longer to bring to market, the railways being short of men and overcrowded with traffic. The congested port of London, with ships waiting their turn for hours and even days to discharge, is a far more cheerful sight than the silent quays of Hamburg and the deserted wharves of Bremen; but the congestion means delay, delay means higher freights for ships, and both together mean higher prices.

Nor are these the only causes. Russian exports from the Black Sea are stopped by the entry of Turkey into the war. There is more than a suspicion that speculation in Chicago has forced up the price of American wheat. Considerable shipments from the south were held up by the "Emden" and Admiral von Spee's squadron, and are now only due to arrive. This delay caused a deficiency in supplies, put up prices, and disorganised shipping arrangements. And in addition the harvests in some parts of the world have been considerably below the normal, so that cereals would in any event have risen, the tendency to upward prices being naturally aggravated by war.

Part of this inconvenience, no doubt, is temporary. The shortage in ships will be remedied, the German vessels seized on the high seas are being added to the

British mercantile marine, and high freights in any case always result in more ships being built, just as the high price which wheat is fetching to-day—far higher than the minimum guarantee asked for by the farmers in August and refused by the Government with unfortunate results for the autumn sowings—will turn considerable areas of poorer pasture into arable.

Then there is the shortage of men to consider. It has incidentally tended to send wages up in some favoured industries, and so minimised the inconveniences which the working-classes suffer from higher prices—indeed, it is probably the clerk with small fixed income and little margin who feels the pinch the most at the moment. The shortage, too, appears to be aggravated by the habits of some of the dock-labourers, who refuse to work full time, and are doing their country no good service by their slackness; but the railways are genuinely handicapped by the numbers of men who have joined the colours, and they cannot easily recruit labour from their usual source of supply, the country districts, because here, too, there is a shortage of younger men for farming.

A careful analysis of the several causes of the increased cost of living hardly goes to show that it will increase beyond a certain ratio; if it did, the prospects might be serious. On the contrary, there is some hope that prices may fall slightly, although not to the pre-war level. The first quarter of the year is always the time when prices go up, owing to the world steadily drawing on its stocks; in this direction war has merely accentuated the conditions of peace, but the laws of supply and demand are still at work, and although we cannot expect to get supplies from either belligerents or neutrals in Europe in the same quantity or at the same price as some months back, we may confidently rely on attracting larger stocks from extra-European countries.

There has been a cry in some quarters for Government interference in this matter. The short answer to that demand is that if the Government could produce the food it would be bound to intervene; as it cannot improvise bacon or beef, its intervention would do more harm than good—unless it is convinced on good evidence that there has been hoarding of foodstuffs or a deliberate attempt to force up the price, a matter which the Government is better able to judge than anybody not connected with the provision trades. An attempt to impose a maximum rate of freights for ships, which has been somewhat loudly bruited about as a remedy by Socialists and others, would depress the ship-building trade, now working overtime to reduce the deficiency in ships, and it would result in many ship-owners transferring their vessels to neutral flags in order that dividends paid to British shareholders and wages paid to British seamen should be maintained at their existing level. It is the unforeseen dislocation caused by the war that has forced up freights, rather than the overdose of avarice so freely attributed to shipowners by their critics; the sudden demand for vessels from every port of the world has done more in a month to increase prices than the closest shipping ring would have achieved in ten years. It is an unpalatable fact, but we must face it, recognising that the rise of prices which took us unawares was as inevitable in the circumstances as it was unforeseen, that the circumstances themselves are not permanent, and therefore that prices will be likely to fall after a few weeks; and that in any event they are far lower and supplies far more adequate to our needs than in the Napoleonic wars. We are amazed at the high prices of to-day; in 1815 they would have been thought incredibly low.

## INTERNATIONAL LAW AND THE WAR.

[By A WHEWELL SCHOLAR IN INTERNATIONAL LAW.]

IT is perhaps inevitable that this great conflict of nations should provoke in some quarters an attitude of indifference and even hostility to the science of international law. At a time when the greater

States of Europe are struggling for their national existence, the needs of self-preservation must often appear to be at variance with the claims of conventional obligation; and patience is taxed to the utmost when, as often happens in war, a powerful force is robbed of a certain prey by the necessity of conforming with some stipulation in the laws of neutrality. The immediate hardship is palpable and clear; the ultimate benefit appears only after reflection. Therefore it may be not unseasonable to say again that the supposed conflict between international law and national interest is almost wholly fictitious and that disregard of international duty has never yet been found to lead to permanent and continued national prosperity. For a State, however individualistic its aspirations may be, is by virtue of its geographical and economic position a member of a community of States; and war, the agency by which nations are apparently sundered, in reality bears remarkable witness to their interdependence. It was at one time believed by some thinkers that modern economic conditions, demanding the harmonious co-operation of all countries, would render prolonged European war impossible. This expectation has not been realised, but there is still ground for thinking that the maintenance of international trade by one group of combatant nations and the loss of it by the other may be a decisive factor in the war. In order to maintain international trade, forbearance and consideration must be shown to neutrals; and if a belligerent, by high-handed conduct, loses the goodwill of its neighbours, it has lost one of the most valuable assets that a nation at war can enjoy: our statesmen are not at all likely or inclined to forget this in their handling to-day of the American question.

Moreover, war is, and always must be, an abnormal condition; and the far-sighted nation, looking forward to the time when peace will come again, remembers that its future standing among the Powers will depend, not only upon the strength of its right hand, but also upon the prestige which it has won by vindicating law and respecting the rights of others. Overbearing conduct will generate distrust, not only after the restoration of peace, but also in future wars, and a State which suffers as a neutral to-day may hereafter as a belligerent retaliate upon the offender. Of course these arguments could not prevail if national existence really demanded a violation of law; but a reference to history will show that this plea, though often advanced, has seldom if ever been justified.

The doctrine that a plea of national necessity can release a State from its legal obligations is of distinctly German origin; it is epitomised in the phrase "*Kriegsraison geht vor Kriegsrecht*"; Lueder is its best known exponent; it finds a place in many German textbooks; and it seems to dictate German policy. It is fraught with great dangers. Disregard of law by one party is followed habitually by disregard of law by the other; retaliation provokes retaliation, until anarchy and mere momentary expediency govern the policy of the combatants. Secondly, the doctrine knows no limitation in practice beyond the humanitarian principles of its exponent; and such principles are in some cases liable to more or less prolonged abrogation. It is well known that seven years ago Germany opposed the British proposals for the restriction of the use of mines in naval warfare, but the arguments by which the German delegate attempted to justify this opposition are not so familiar; and yet they are pregnant with meaning. "Military acts", said Baron von Marschall, "are not solely governed by stipulations of international law. There are other factors. Conscience, good sense, and the sense of duty imposed by principles of humanity will be the surest guides for the conduct of sailors, and will constitute the most effective guarantee against abuses. But it would be a great mistake to issue rules the strict observation of which might be rendered impossible by the law of facts. It would seem to us to be preferable to maintain at present a certain reserve, in the expectation that seven

years hence it will be easier to find a solution which will be acceptable to the whole world." This passage, doubly remarkable in the light of recent events, will be found in the "Times" of 10 October 1907.

The seven years foretold by the prophetic Baron have now passed, and Germany has punctually revealed to the civilised world the solution of the problem of the use of mines in naval warfare which she considers to be most in accord with the dictates of conscience and the principles of humanity, and destined to prove acceptable to all nations.

It may, of course, be argued that recent events have not proved any fallacy in the argument of Baron von Marschall, but merely the deplorable state of German feeling and morality; and this contention cannot be lightly dismissed. No doubt international conduct and international legislation both reflect the ethical standards for the time being accepted by the nations concerned. But rules of law, whether national or international, are of particular value in that they reflect the average morality of an age; and although they may fall far below the aspirations of some individuals and certain movements, they exercise a healthy and restraining influence at times of temporary moral depravity. It is largely on this account that Conferences have striven during peace to formulate rules which shall meet with unquestioning acceptance in war, and shall not be liable to be modified as may seem proper to the possibly distorted judgment of a belligerent.

It has been said that the labours of international legislators have been in vain; that this war has proved the inefficacy of the law of nations; and that the fabric of The Hague Conventions has been shattered. This view is certainly untrue, but it finds favour upon several grounds. In the first place, the mind instinctively turns to the comparatively few, but terrible and far too frequent cases in which the law has been broken, and forgets to count the vast number of cases in which it has been observed. Secondly, the horrors and misery caused by this war are such that they seem to have reached the limit of human endurance; actual facts are so appalling that the mind fails to grasp the things that might have been: the barbarities which have been averted by the advance of civilisation and international law. Yet, terrible as is the present, history can show many things which the nations now at war may be thankful to have so far escaped. Two great fortresses, Antwerp and Tsing-tau, have recently fallen. Their defenders were spared the fate of the defenders of the mediæval stronghold of Saint Bony, which was taken by storm in 1543 "*et furent tous ceux de dedans tuez, hors mis le capitaine, qui fu pendu, pour avoir esté si oultrageux de vouloir tenir une si meschante place devant le canon*". This was no isolated occurrence, but an example of the general usage of war. Even during the nineteenth century the Duke of Wellington wrote: "I believe it has always been understood that the defenders of a fortress stormed have no right to quarter"; and, though the Duke himself never acted upon this view, the records of the last century are stained with more than one practical application of it. Thirdly, charges and counter-charges of illegal conduct have been flung by each belligerent against the other. Some of these charges have been terribly deserved; a few happily spring from ignorance on the part of the accusers. For instance, to proclaim the sinking of enemy merchantmen (after the removal of the crew) as illegal is, in the present state of the law upon the matter, a mere blunder.

But all these accusations, just and unjust alike, mark the hold which the law of nations has taken upon the minds of men. Though violations of law have been far too numerous, it is no mean achievement to have set up a standard by which the conduct of the fighting nations may be, and is in fact, appraised, to which all States think it necessary to show at least the semblance of conformity, and by the guidance of which the goodwill or contempt of the whole world may be awarded as it is deserved.



## THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (NO. 25) BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.

## SIDELIGHTS AND REFLECTIONS.

THE application of science to the purposes of dealing death in warfare has equally offered an opportunity of combating its aftermath. Disease in a campaign in old-world days was infinitely more destructive of life than were the implements of war. We have been faced in a five months' struggle with a casualty list, the penalty inflicted by gun and rifle, undoubtedly heavy, which, had the old proportion of sick to killed and wounded been maintained, would have positively annihilated our Army. Eighty sick to twenty casualties by wounds was about the proportion in our late venture at war in 1899-1902. The tables have now been turned, thanks to the study of military hygiene by our army medical officers and by the fostering of physical capability in the soldiers brought about by their officers and leaders. The future generation of our nation will have reason to be grateful for many of the lessons presented by this war. No better teaching has as yet been experienced of the value of a sound, healthy body than is offered by the ability of the healthy youth to throw off the attacks of disease and by the rapid healing of his wounds. Fortunately for our Army, and fortunately for our nation, the love of physical exercise forms an item in our national character. When brain work is put into the form of physical work which is most to be desired in a soldier we find that we are able to turn a weedy stripling into a fine type of manhood. Exercises which develop lungs and muscles from head to foot by the simple process of conditioning limbs in a scientific manner, without mechanical aids of any sort, and by gradual and progressive training, mould a warrior who can march without effort for his twenty miles and fight at the end of it. No army could have gone on a campaign with better individual fitness for the task than did the small Expeditionary Force which left our shores last August. The trial of the enforced retreat to the Marne must, of course, have been intense to the unconditioned reserve soldier, but two agents have gone far to maintain our ranks in splendid fettle—excellent rations and almost nightly billets. Bad food, or the want of food, together with constant exposure, are the dread stalking-horse of disease in war. Armies under the greatest of leaders have bowed to the spectre. Napoleon, with his Grand Army of 608,000 men, on their march to Moscow shed far more men going into Russia than he did coming out. It is from the two pictures of the adversaries in Manchuria that we have learned our lesson in military hygiene. Colossal losses from every kind of pestilence on the Russian side and, on the obverse of the medal, an evidence of extraordinary research on behalf of the Japanese medical officers, added to a magnificent sanitary discipline of the soldiers of the Mikado. A percentage of 80 sick on one side to 20 on the other. We learned much in our Boer War, but not quite enough. Our medical officers had to handle 405,000 admissions to hospital from various causes out of an army which averaged 250,000 strong. These officers have digested their lesson and thereby decreased their burden in the present war, and were it not so we should have already neared the stage of offensive attrition. We now realise that the germs of disease that follow in the wake of an army are combatable. Dysentery, typhoid, malaria, and others in the black chapter are preventable. We recognise that an epidemic in peace time of cholera or any one of such pestilences saves far more lives than it takes, for people wake up to the existence of a neglect somewhere which has permitted a vile germ to assert its power, and they determine to strike at the root of the evil to ensure its permanent extirpation. Sanitation and precautionary methods in towns and habitations have perhaps blinded their populations to the fact that an army in the field is usually operating outside the bounds of such ordinary protection to health. They are apt to forget that in an army men live in masses

with other men and the closer and denser the mass the easier and more completely can infection spread.

Peaceful citizens in quiet surroundings are apt to sneer at the employment of prophylactic measures or at the precaution of inoculation as a preventive to disease. Typhus and its cousins are the sharks which follow in the wake of armies always ready to enfold in their jaws the weakly or ill-fed and with their powers of infection lay hold on the thoughtless who have been foolish enough to decline to employ the armour which science has offered as a protector. Microbes which attack the intestines are the worst enemies to the soldier in camp. The excreta are sure channels of communication of disease, and the urinary organs probably the most vicious in contamination. Worse still, the victim bears his infection to the wards where lie brave spirits who have been stricken down by gun and rifle. There is little or no time or means for segregation in a field hospital. The infectious germ has every opportunity for exercising its vile powers on a mass of patients packed as close as can be, awaiting each either his turn of the surgeon or of the stretcher to convey him to an ambulance. Experience in war has proved the value of anti-typhoid inoculation. In the army of one democratic nation alone is inoculation made compulsory on its soldiers. They bought their experience of its value dearly, did the Americans, for one out of every six of their men contracted typhoid in the Spanish-American War. In free England we "suffer fools gladly". We even permit our feckless faddists to preach against the practices in the science of bacteriology. Does it ever strike these persons unfortunately afflicted with this craze that, if they push their doctrine to the extent of successful persuasion of the individual soldier while the nation is engaged in the throes of war, in a sense they are "trading with the enemy"? For not only may they thin our ranks by preventing men from joining, but they will assuredly thin our numbers in the fighting line if their preaching has decided men who have enlisted to refuse the offer of inoculation. Compulsion is as ugly a word to the American as it is to the Englishman—nay, probably more so—but in his wisdom he realises that the life of his soldier and sailor is one not easily replaced, and necessity perforce compels, for the American sees little object in keeping a man who on service may be a danger to his comrades, a burden to his army, and not improbably infect an entire unit. We hope ere long to have a million men in the field. Not one-quarter of them will be imbued with that self-discipline which is the bedrock of order and obedience and which gives such power and determination to a nation trained to arms. Let no folly of faddists be permitted to infect the free spirit of the men of our new levies. Ere long we hope to be able to march these million men across a country that will be a hotbed of disease. Fixed defences which have been continuously held for months by masses of men will, if they fall into our hands, not prove exactly health resorts, despite the sanitary discipline of the Germans. The starved peasantry of the surrounding country may themselves prove the media of infection, and it is well known that the richly manured country of Flanders is fertile in dangerous bacteria. It behoves us, therefore, to be prepared with every weapon which science has placed in our hands to anticipate such ravages in our ranks as the foul fiend of disease may threaten us with. We should have no fear on the matter if the precautions taken are continued on the scale we have hitherto employed. Have we an ample quota of skilled sanitary staffs to deal with our new millions in the field?—we may ask. Nothing can exceed the care and attention that have been given by our medical staffs to our sick and wounded for the past five months. The picture of a railway station when the wounded come down from the Front, the re-dressing of the injury with clean material, the disinfection of the straw and carriages, the rapid transhipment of thousands of wounded men clean out of sight of war and its surroundings, across the Channel to home and peace governed hospitals—this

is the novelty in war procedure which will repay us tenfold. To hurry him away from the possibility of infection by means of his wound and away from the risk of undermining his constitution—this is the great and wise idea of our Army Medical Director. We are thus rapidly refilling our ranks with the recoveries from the old casualty lists. What a triumph, due to forethought and organisation!

The skilful surgeon, with his modern appliances, will have much to tell us ere long of his successes in which the telephone in surgery has come to the assistance of the X-ray apparatus. He will tell us also of his anti-sepsis vaccine inoculation for wounds and its results. But it is the bacteriologist, with his prophylactics, that will be the true ally to the soldier—or, rather, to the soldier who will submit himself to sanitary discipline. All soldiers, as we know, carry a field-dressing, but perhaps the French soldier is ahead of others in special appliances. He carries on his person a small sealed tube of iodine solution, which, when broken, releases a brush in another part of the tube, and a wound can then be painted over at once before infection by bacteria has commenced. Our Allies in France have learnt by experience the value of preventive measures and of sanitary discipline for war. A century ago Marshal Davout, one of Napoleon's best leaders, gave the model for the care of men in the field. De Ségur gives the story of how in the 1st Corps of the Grand Army of 1812, which was commanded by this able marshal, Davout, the interior economy of his divisions was the bright spot which gleamed to the end in the disastrous retreat, and with the result that they retained the fullest complement of men, showed better discipline and had less sickness. In every man's pack he ordered to be carried a field-dressing, and the arrangements for the men's comfort and food were equally well studied. Our own officers in the Regular Army have ever before their minds the care, comfort, the health, and well-being of their men. It is more than a misfortune that there exists among their compatriots some thoughtless faddists who are permitted the free use of tongue and pen to encompass our leaders' efforts with intentions that are distinctly hostile to the efficiency of our Army in the field and tend somewhat to subvert its discipline.

#### THE THEATRES OF WAR.

The absence of the countersign of the several commanders of the Allied forces in the form of dispatches forbids anything in the nature of an accurate appreciation of the several military situations. Two or three of our irresponsible penmen suffering from "trench-fever" have in their delirium drawn vivid pictures of heroics at La Bassée. A gun war, we know, runs along the lines of entrenchments that shelter the opposing armies both in the Western theatre and in Poland. An outburst of a theatrical nature staged to meet the wishes of the German War Lord has occurred on the Aisne. "Ave, Kaiser imperator, morituri te salutant!" must have been the war cry of the Teuton combatant sent to his doom for no earthly reason. Bells of joy may be made to ring in Berlin for a paltry triumph, but for no other conceivable reason can we imagine that von Kluck was induced to sacrifice his troops. German genuine offensive for a purpose does not usually take the form of pin-pricks. Were the attack made in force upon a broad front we might discern a strategic intent.

I wish here to correct a careless slip in my last number, which ascribed this small victory to the French, and a further slip which alluded to a party politician in a "funk hole". As a soldier I know no party and have little love for the politician.

In the Caucasus a distinct failure has fallen to the lot of the German effort to bolster up their latest ally in his attempt at the offensive. Winter is hardly the period for a counterstroke by Russia in that region now that she has smashed up the effort of the dissipated Enver, and winter will be Russia's best friend in dealing with the Turk. Leave him severely alone and time will work in the channels of decay which are

daily becoming more evident. Generals January and February are masters of the strategy in more than one sphere of this war.

It is unfortunate that our methods of secret service do not permit us to fight the German with that form of weapon that he knows, or thinks he knows, how to wield. Little by little we glean the seeds of truth concerning the back-door tricks and forms of corruption that have been tried by the Teuton to sap the loyalty of our kinsmen and Allies. The attempt to get at Boer, Persian, Indian, Egyptian has disclosed methods which, although they may be fair in war, must brand the German as an implacable foe to Great Britain, not for once only, but for ever.

The war in the air has been carried to our own shores, which proves that to brave men deeds of daring know no limit. The effort across the seas to Yarmouth suggests that aviation bases for a set purpose of the offensive are nearer to our coasts than we imagined, and that these military depots, which are probably linked with submarine depots, require the attention of the armies in Flanders. The reconnaissances made by air and sea to which we have been treated on the East Coast may well be the forerunners of more active measures by an enemy who, daily finding himself more hedged in by a wall of steel, may attempt by a last supreme effort to contest with his bitterest foe the supremacy of the oceans.

#### OBLIGATORY SERVICE: THE NEED FOR COOL ARGUMENT.

BY GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

IF Mr. Arthur Henderson, Lord Beauchamp, and the "Daily News", and others of their political faith, would stop calling us "unpatriotic", "Militarist", "Tory", "Reactionary", and "wicked", and take to hard thinking argument, we might come nearer some reasonable agreement and the end of the war. Lord Haldane has never been interested in calling his opponents names. He has preferred the intellectual method. Will he not bring his friends together, persuade them to husband their invective against a more suitable occasion, and expend instead some cool and close thought on the supremely vital question of the moment—vital to our Empire and liberties and to the safety and support of our Army at the Front? Lord Haldane believes in cool thought as opposed to hot prejudice in the solution of our ordinary political and social problems: he would not deny its efficacy applied to the most pressing and critical problem that has ever faced the British race—namely, the right means for securing, as quickly, surely, and as fairly as possible, the great Army the nation needs for its life-and-death grapple to-day.

We are ready, we are anxious, to hear whatever objection there may be against obligatory and national service—or Compulsion with a big C if his friends insist on their word. We will presently even suggest to him one such argument ourselves, quite a genuine and practical trade objection, though his friends seem to have overlooked it; but we do expect him and all those naturally on his side in politics for their part to forgo the more obviously fallacious objections that should not pass for serious argument at all, and indeed cannot so pass with trained intellects and practical men.

Let us take the first of these—perhaps the most frequent of all, certainly one of the most effective of all, and the most empty, surely, of all. Lord Haldane's friends tell us that obligatory or compulsory service must not be suffered because it would be committing the very thing which we are resolved to crush out in Germany—namely, Militarism. To create an army of three or four million men through a law passed by a representative and democratic assembly is Militarism, so they hold. Suppose, for the sake of getting on, we grant it. What, then, is raising an army of three or four million by voluntary recruiting methods, by imploring, entreating, scourging the men to come in



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and save the State; and doing this through Government advertisements and half-threats of coercion in the end unless they come in; and by speeches made all over the country by members of the Government and representatives of the democratic assembly—is this not also Militarism then? Lord Haldane's friends and supporters who care to think at all, let alone think closely and coolly, must know that if the first operation is Militarism, so too must the second operation be.

Once Lord Haldane and his friends agree—and we take it, and take it very thankfully, they are now agreed as to this—that we must have our mighty army of two, three or four millions of men to win the war and sustain Great Britain in the settlement after the war, they agree to have Militarism, as they call it. They cannot gravely contend that a British Army of two, three, or four million men does not constitute Militarism provided it is created only through Government advertisements, appeals, and hints of ultimate force, instead of by an equitable, straightforward, and democratic Act of Parliament. They cannot affect to believe that a British Army brought together by the latter method—i.e., Parliament—would copy the Germans, batter down the churches, declare might above right, tear up treaties like worthless scraps of paper, shoot and bomb the old men and little children in defenceless towns, and rape the women: the Parliamentary product is not so bad as all that, however some of us in peace time and normal conditions may prefer the voluntary to the legislative method. It would really be going into partnership with the Mad Hatter to contend that Militarism made by Act of Parliament is malign—like the Prussian kind—but that Militarism made by the other method is benign. Yet if Lord Haldane will persuade his friends to examine quietly and closely into their cries about Militarism they will at once perceive that that is exactly what their case amounts to.

Let us then have done with all such excited nonsense about the bogey of Militarism, and consider next the cry that "One free man is worth three forced men". This phrase has had an enormous vogue, and no doubt it touches the hearts of a good many susceptible Unionists as well as the other side. It is the apothegm of the Attorney-General. People who prefer feeling to thinking in politics have fallen in love with it; and it has got a flying start of reason, hard facts, and common sense. If Lord Haldane will induce his friends to examine this saying, they can hardly help seeing they have been befooled by it largely. Can it be pretended that one "free" sailor to-day is a better man than three "pressed" sailors in Nelson's day; that one "free" soldier to-day is a better man than three "pressed" Militia soldiers at Waterloo? Our men to-day who are enlisting are full of splendid mettle, but does the Attorney-General gravely claim that each one of them is better than three "pressed" Australians or three New Zealanders; or than three "pressed" Frenchmen, Belgians (who are coming or have come in under the 1913 Act); or three "pressed" Swiss or three "pressed" South Africans? That is a "large order" indeed!

Probably they will object that the apothegm is not to be taken too literally. It will be better, if we do not wish to make ourselves ridiculous in the eyes of other nations, not to take it at all.

But even suppose the apothegm holds good, and one "free" man excels three "pressed" men. What exactly is this freedom and this pressure which we hear so much of? No doubt a very large number of men have nobly set aside all their personal interests and volunteered for the war, losing far more lucrative work and posts thereby. They have sprung to the call with a pure and devoted patriotism which is a glorious thing to consider. But it cannot be pretended that pressure at this moment is not being applied to get in more men: hundreds of thousands more men. On the contrary, pressure of a drastic character is being applied. To realise this, it is only necessary to turn to the Press of Thursday, 7 January 1915. Therein

appears an official appeal to the "men who have not enlisted", and among the questions put to them are these:

"Do you feel happy as you walk along the streets and see other men wearing the King's uniform?"

"What will you say in years to come when people ask you—'Where did you serve in the great War?'"

"What would happen to the Empire if every man stayed at home like you?"

If men who come in on the strength of such appeals as this are not "pressed" men, one hardly knows who are. I submit that if the Attorney-General's apothegm is to be applied to the conditions to-day he must at least revise it to make it run somewhat thus: "One nominally free man is worth three legally pressed men". But the whole contention as to freedom and pressure in this matter is bad: it is the result of loose reasoning from slipshod statements.

Then there is a sentiment constantly passing from lip to lip, and accepted as political wisdom without the least examination—namely, "If we can get enough men by voluntary methods it is far better than passing a general law". As a fact that is not political wisdom but political folly of a dangerous kind. We all assume it the bounden duty of men of a military age to answer the nation's call. The official appeals to-day assume it, the recruiting speeches assume it, voluntarists like Lord Haldane's friends assume it not less surely than their opponents who want an obligatory, national law for all and all alike. But if it is a duty all men of a military age owe their country to-day, how can it be "far better" to suffer some millions of them, by the present system, to escape that duty?

All people with the means to pay taxes owe it as a duty to their country to pay them: would it be a good thing if these taxes were paid by a voluntary system, the more generous and patriotic members coming forward with enough money for the Treasury's requirements, and thus enabling the less generous and patriotic to get off without paying? It would be a demoralising and vicious arrangement. It might—or might not—be a good thing for the patriotic section which paid up and so relieved the rest; but it would not be, rightly considered, at all a good thing for the country.

Nor should Lord Haldane's friends persist in overlooking another very grave and threatening defect in the present system—namely, the great growth of rancour and reproach which is already springing up as between the supporters of those who volunteer and the supporters of those who do not volunteer, and will be far worse by and by. The odious comparison, the bitter taunt—very often no doubt a cruel and indiscriminating comparison and taunt—nothing but ill can come out of this thing. It is a growth of tares and evil weeds that are springing up all over the land and will thrive rankly, half smothering the good crop of grain that is sown in sacrifice and patriotism. If all the men who are needed to make up the three or four million were to give in their names to-morrow this evil would not be averted. It is inherent in the present system: but pass a fair law for all and all alike and it instantly ends.

## MIDDLE ARTICLES.

### THE FRENCHWOMAN AND THE WAR.

By IRENE BERESFORD-HOPE.

THE women of France look at the sufferings of war from a standpoint unknown to many Englishwomen. The wife of a French army doctor said: "When I talk to women who have no personal stake in the war, I feel as if I were talking to the Chinese".

A Frenchman who delays offering his life to his country brings a definite stain on the family honour. It is not enough that he is a soldier; if his turn to be sent to the fighting-line is more than once evaded, his women-folk suspect he has found a substitute by

means of bribery. "Home defence" as such is unknown to them. The larger part of France is not invaded, but that gives a man no excuse to wait until the enemy appears in his particular province. He is called a coward.

There was a man in the Franco-Prussian War who had the chance to serve and who evaded it. He stained his family record. For forty years he was shut out of the vital interests of France: the things which count were unknown to him; his friends were silent; patriotism was a subject beyond the pale. His women neither forgot nor forgave. His son is serving now, and they believe the sacrifice of this boy's life can alone expiate the father's cowardice. It is not enough that the boy has offered his life; unless it be taken they will not believe the crime is redeemed.

A French widow has two sons. One is serving with the artillery in France, the other with native troops in Africa. There is no fighting in his district, and his mother is urging him as impatiently as he is applying for leave to come back and fight in his own country. Their sister says she would rather lose them both than that one should not have the chance to fight.

Frenchwomen accept cruelty; war is cruel. In one small district little French children have been made to lay their hands on the ground for Prussians to trample on; Frenchwomen have been violated; both have been killed: that is war. There is no outcry like that which arose when Englishwomen and children died through the bombardment of coast towns. The French think the English a sentimental nation. They recognise their qualities of courage and endurance, but they also recognise that the English seek first their own interest. A Frenchwoman said: "You would not have fought if you had not seen your own interest in it".

On the outbreak of war the appeal was to "British interest and British honour". The interests of a whole nation are a high responsibility; but if each man's interest be put before each man's honour, can they wonder if the French sometimes think them selfish and sentimental?

A Frenchwoman claimed that Englishmen do the finest things when they know somebody is watching them. It was suggested to her that, with no strangers watching, the English have the reputation in shipwreck or accident of standing back to give the weakest the first chance of life. She said: "It is because the fine thing is expected of them".

That is a fine tribute even if the setting be vanity. The fine thing is expected of the English and it is being done by the French. Frenchwomen know that in war one must not be *difficile*. They expect death for their men and suffering for themselves. They accept it. A French mother with two sons fighting wrote: "When one is resolute one fears nothing, and living in the midst of danger one gets used to it". Frenchwomen show less personal bitterness against the Germans, with whom they are in contact, than many Englishwomen who have never seen a German soldier. In England one may hear the German Emperor spoken of as Anti-Christ. In France they know the Germans are an inferior race, but their hatred towards them is reasonable. They grasp the logic of war: they sacrifice their personal feelings completely.

A certain French officer was badly wounded and left lying in the open. He told the ambulance men to leave him and pick up his men. Later the Germans came and, finding him wounded, shot him again because they made no prisoners in that place. Though mortally wounding him they did not kill him and left him under a wall to die. His widow and his sister know this, yet they show no bitter rage. Their experience is not unique.

One thing alone rouses the women of France to fury—that is, to be deprived of their right to suffer. Take from a Frenchwoman her opportunity of sacrifice and she is separated from her kind; yet she is brought no nearer the standpoint of a third of the women of England.

## THE THEATRE AGAIN.

By JOHN PALMER.

IT is humiliating to have to write of M. Verhaeren's "Le Cloître" as if it were something new and strange. Anywhere but in the English theatre it is a well-worn classic. But the English theatre having as little to do with Belgian masterpieces as with English life, it is, perhaps, necessary to explain that "Le Cloître" is a dramatic version of M. Verhaeren's most striking work; that M. Verhaeren, as a Belgian poet, is many degrees more important than M. Maeterlinck; and that M. Carlo Liten is too excellent a tragic actor to be comparable with anyone now on the English stage—with the possible exception of Mr. Henry Ainley. M. Maeterlinck is well known to the English public as the author of a popular fairy play and as the author of a stage direction reputed to be scandalous. But M. Verhaeren is not well known. He has had to wait until his country was martyred and himself an exile before his name was uttered outside a small circle, consisting mainly of the friends of Mr. Edmund Gosse. As to Mr. Carlo Liten, only a cataclysm could ever have shaken open to him the closed door of the insular British playhouse.

Now that M. Liten has come to us it will be well for English audiences to note that he and every member of his company speak their tragic French as though French were a noble language of which they are reasonably proud. M. Carlo Liten and Mlle. Marie de Nys seem to think that the verses they are privileged to utter are of the first importance. I cannot imagine M. Liten hideously breaking up his Alexandrines in order to get in some elaborate, effective, ingenious and quite unnecessary play-acting. English audiences should also note that M. Verhaeren has written a tragedy of absorbing interest, without anything in the nature of a feminine interest (there is no woman in the play); also that he has not had to rely upon heavy scenery, odd or dazzling costume, sensation, or "relief" of any kind. "Le Cloître", in fact, is a dramatic study whose movement and interest are of the heart and imagination—the sort of play which no popular London manager would dream of producing on its simple merits. Such tragedies as "Le Cloître" we might have on the English stage if we had players who could speak, managers who were not more afraid of their audiences than of tenth-rate work, and authors who could be induced to have some respect for the theatre. But, so long as the machinery of the modern English theatre is incompetent to deal with any play which does not rely on barren professional devices of the managing staff or on the personal charm of some public and social favourite, no such plays as "Le Cloître" will be written or heard in England except by a happy chance.

M. Verhaeren's study of penitence and monastic life can be read by all who care. It would be absurd to criticise in detail a work which is nearly thirty years old just because it happens to be new to the English playgoer; but I would ask the reader to notice how admirably M. Verhaeren has avoided the mistake of most dramatists when dealing with a dominant theme and figure. He has not expended all his energy upon the principal person of his tragedy. He has presented us with a community as well as with a hero. His tragedy is not "Dom Balthazar", but "Le Cloître"—its intention being to show the whole of his little group reacting to the main passion of the play. We are witnessing not only the individual tragedy of Dom Balthazar, but the collective tragedy of the monastic idea. There is a sense in which the exposure of the sin of Dom Balthazar is merely superficial as compared with the implicit exposure of cloistered virtue—virtue which at the last appears as wicked pride in the anathema of the Prior disappointed of his cherished successor. "Le Cloître" must not be read as simply the drama of a parricide's remorse. It is a drama in which a whole community is inextricably involved, each individual monk, though he is well distinguished from



his neighbour, contributing in his individual way to the life and character of the group.

The remarkable thing about the playing of M. Verhaeren's tragedy has already been indicated. One occasionally encounters in the English theatre a solitary player who has survived his training as an actor and still consents to recognise that language is a vehicle of expression of more account than grimace. But one never encounters a whole company of players acting together with unanimous conviction that the words they utter can occasionally be trusted to convey their meaning without elaborate mimic contortions or acrobatic vocalism. With all the more thankful relief do we appreciate the repose and dignity of M. Liten and his players, their economy of gesture, and their quiet command of the necessary paroxysm when it is due. The popular English idea of great acting is satisfied when an actress (or, of course, an actor) is able at a given moment to cause hideous suffering to the auditory nerves of her witnesses while she simultaneously rehearses the conventional gestures and postures which the playgoer has learned to identify with deep emotion. If she is able to wring real water out of her eyes and to fling herself about with complete recklessness, she may, by sheer ugliness, stridency, and general loss of control, win quite a respectable reputation for passion and fidelity to nature. It will probably surprise M. Liten to be assured that the restraint and unaffected quietude of his company in "Le Cloître" come as a pleasant surprise to suffering English playgoers, who invariably shiver at the approach of a tragic climax in the English drama, and only applaud the players when it is safely finished and when the actors are rearranging their clothing and recovering their breath. It will perhaps surprise Mlle. Marie de Nys no less to hear that there is no actress in England at the moment who could convey the ecstasy of Dom Marc as she conveys it—by sheer beauty of utterance, without mummery or theatrical stress.

Meantime, let me gladly record that Sir George Alexander has turned from the merely opportunist revival of old plays to the production of something which is new. Mr. Rudolf Besier's "Kings and Queens" is new, at any rate in the sense that new cues have had to be learned, new dresses purchased, new permutations of the Alexandrine or Jacobean formula conned and mastered. So much is all to the good in these dark days, more especially as Mr. Besier cannot fail to infect the stalest of theatrical positions with some distinction and grace. "Kings and Queens" is just the old play of the two who are really in love and of the third who nearly succeeds in coming between them. The rest is merely dressing-up. The play may have an individual piquancy of its own for those who do not realise that kings and queens have five fingers to their hands and are not a peculiar people. Otherwise the playgoer must derive his refreshment exclusively from the fun with which Mr. Besier relieves the necessity he is under to write the heaving and hackneyed drama of three, with a worldly and wise uncle included as a part in which Sir George Alexander may abound. Sir George Alexander abounds very delicately and sympathetically, his abounding being agreeably set off with grey hairs which persist in making him look too young for the part. Miss Marie Löhr also abounds very competently, taking full advantage of a play which might have been especially written to show how thoroughly she understands the English stage. There are some really serious blots on the play, apart from the blot that Mr. Besier has three times the ability which goes to its making. First, the play is over-written, there being hardly a speech which would not be better for pruning. Second, the hero is quite unworthy of the fuss that has to be made on his account. If he were a real person one would have to crush him as one crushes a nasty insect. Third, the charming interloper has no charm, and is even less imaginable as a lover or comforter of the afflicted than is the hero. Apart from these blemishes "Kings and Queens" will do. Sir George Alexander gets back into a part that makes an urgent call upon his sense of ironic fun, while Miss Marie Löhr and Miss Frances Ivor are able

thoroughly to enjoy themselves. Mr. Besier has not added to his fame; but he has the satisfaction of knowing that he has done the traditional thing rather better than the majority of his contemporaries are able to do it.

#### STEVENS AND LEIGHTON.

By C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

WHEN we get it wet from the pen of an eminent writer that Alfred Stevens "might be called an academic artist" and that a certain Head by him is academic, "or would be if anyone else had drawn it", it seems time to attempt to understand what we mean by academic. When we read in the same highly placed ink that Stevens "in theory ought to be nothing more than an Italianizer, a stylist, and one who executed variations on Michelangelo and Raphael, particularly Raphael", we find ourselves in the most curious cross-currents of conception. The writer hastens to counter his suggestions of what Stevens might be called, or ought to be in theory, by asserting that in practice he is a great deal more than an academic Italianizer, and that his Head is saved from the deadly sin by its mastery of form and sharpness of definition. Minus this mastery and sharpness, and drawn by anyone else, its case would have been hopeless.

There seems ground for surmising that in this writer's mind there floats a vague idea that being academic is like being blue or liquid. Academicism is for him a definite external and constant characteristic, rather than an inward state. All things that reflect certain rays of light are blue things; you tell them at a glance; all artists who use a certain line or anatomical type are academic. Conversely nothing is blue that does not reflect the proper rays, and by the same reasoning no artist who draws like Matisse or Picasso is academic. It is much as though one dogmatised that everyone who wears a fancy waistcoat is a bishop's son. Having, however, accepted this recipe for recognition as infallible, you run across the billiard marker's boy wearing a canary vest; the only explanation you can offer is that theoretically the young man is of episcopal parentage, or at least would be if he were the bishop's son.

But obviously we do not look on academicism as a specific uniform; it is not just a question of reading shoulder-straps to place your man. It is not even so simple as ticking off the members of Burlington House and the New English Art Club into two clearly marked varieties; artists are members of the Royal Academy, academics of the New English Art Club. Nor does it work out satisfactorily if we attempt to classify artists by the subjects that they paint or carve. Somewhere at the back of his mind the critic whom I quoted felt that because Stevens did not draw and model real live Victorian people there was some suspicion of academicism about him to be explained away. But Leonardo and Michelangelo can be indicted in the same way, as also perhaps could Praxiteles. Nor, of course, is the question one of technique or style: Blake's style and technique of drawing might be called academic, but I never heard of anyone mistaking Blake for an academician. In short, there is no external characteristic available for identifying academic artists in a way that would satisfy exact scientists. Neither the line they use, the subjects they prefer, their colour, brushes, nor Societies are conclusive evidence as to the quality of artists.

And yet an academic painter is the most obvious of mortals. No handier example could be found, perhaps, than Leighton, whose "Cimabue", graciously lent to the Tate Gallery, hangs in a room opposite the Stevens gallery at Millbank. A loose thinker might say that this is a very academic picture because the drawing, design, and colour are what they are. But that would be inexact. The drawing is dull, the colour vulgar and the design insipid because Leighton's mind was commonplace. Because Leighton's mind, after prolonged and erudite travail, was able only to

bring forth this idea of an exalted and impassioned episode, therefore the whole thing is academic. Only the accident of time and fashion prevented Leighton painting, say, in the style of Mr. Wyndham Lewis or Mr. Grant. Had his "Cimabue" been perpetrated in the technique and mode of 1914 it would still have been as academic as the "Adam and Eve" purchased by the Contemporary Art Society from Mr. Grant.

The real fundamental quality distinguishing Stevens from Leighton is the power of becoming one with the subject that he paints, the power of entering into the mood and life of the action visualised. No words measure the elusive yet unmistakable presence that we recognise as life in art. It is something immanent within the contours and the painted surface, something struggling to express itself, bursting through the formulas of line and pigment. Stevens's Hermes in Cartoon XI., the woman (in the same) behind Aphrodite are quick with this indefinable significance. We cannot put a name to it; we only recognise that we are before an incomprehensible truth. For Stevens life must have been full of this mysterious meaning; he thought in lovely terms. To him, as to the other masters, form and spirit yielded up secrets unvouchsafed to grosser and more satisfied devotees. He seems to have found new meaning in the shapes that he studied ceaselessly, to have lit upon interpretations unsuspected by lesser minds. He hardly ever, indeed, appears to have seen the same thing twice, or to have become staled for the fresh appeals of form. In this context we might contrast the drawings of a typical academician, such as Fra Bartolommeo or Leighton, with Stevens's. The suavity and ease of the true academician's line are those of something known by heart, the finished performance of a "star" on the four-hundredth night of a successful play. Stevens, on the contrary, invariably one might say, was always feeling for an unattained thought; hence the "constantly becoming" quality of his line. Vast knowledge of plane and projection made his line extraordinarily pregnant and authoritative, but self-satisfaction never came in, bringing polished finish and slick mannerisms.

His debt to Michelangelo he unashamedly confesses: often he uses a motif from the Sistine Chapel or the "Cartoon of Pisa". But we have only to recall the Michelangelesque efforts of that master's immediate followers, even Raphael, to realise Stevens's individuality. For whereas the effort to be Michelangelesque simply burst the Roman school, Stevens alone of the great Florentine's disciples was large enough and strong enough to hold his teaching and through it express new thought. One other thing he was great enough to do: to share Michelangelo's and Leonardo's perception of the loveliness of youth. These Dorchester House cartoons show that he could stand the test of facial beauty, not degrading it to prettiness. Centuries of deteriorated variants on the Raphaelesque and Leonardesque revelation of physical charm, culminating in the sentimentality of the Leighton school, have sickened us of prettiness in art; we shy at it like any Puritan at a petticoat; we flagellate ourselves with horrid sneers if we detect any hankering or backsliding after the accursed snare. And yet we know that the loveliness of youth, with its enigmatic wonder and unconsciousness, is a legacy of the gods.

It is the power, as I have said, of identifying himself with the figures that he carved and drew that made Stevens one of the great masters. Thus each figure is a revelation of direct experience. But the Leightons of this world, having only the most rudimentary sympathy with life, are debarred from understanding. They can participate in the emotions of the people that they set out to paint no more profoundly than a camera. In the "Cimabue" of Lord Leighton we can mark the limitations of his understanding very clearly. For most of the figures he had good professional models, whom he could photograph by the hour. And there they are, these worthy models, distributed across

the canvas without an idea between them of the really exceptional emotions they ought to be experiencing. Cimabue and the enthusiasm of renescent Florence meant nothing to them; their preoccupations were to keep the pose and wear their costumes with a minimum of boredom. So little could Leighton himself become one of that ecstatic Florentine crowd that he never got beyond the superficial business of a tableaux vivants stage manager. But when his models failed him—for example, in the children of the procession—he was driven to invent something "out of his head". The result is most unhappy, for here again the excellent academician was incapable of self-identification with his subject, and now had nothing to copy. Where Stevens would have realised the gaiety and innocence, the wondrously unconscious loveliness of perfect childhood, Leighton could only bring off an academic recipe for children: something between the animation of a doll and the unself-consciousness of a pantomime first boy.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE ONLY WAY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

19 January 1915.

SIR,—The attitude of those who have consistently opposed the principle of Universal Service has always been sufficiently remarkable, but never so much so as at the present moment, since the only possible construction that can be placed upon their language is that they are more anxious to defeat what they call "conscription" than to defeat Germany.

It must be evident to everyone by now that, if the Germans are to be defeated within a reasonable period, it can only be done by bringing superior numbers into the field and thus crushing them by land. Now, where are these superior numbers to come from? Failing the intervention of Roumania and Italy, it seems obvious that England is the only Power which is in a position to provide them. We can scarcely expect anything more from any of our Allies: they must each have already called out their available men, and the French have even gone to the length of making every man liable up to the age of 48, whether he has undergone any previous military training or not. Can we honestly claim that we have hitherto made corresponding sacrifices? The anti-compulsion people would probably reply that we have done so. They would claim that we had sent a force to France which had saved Paris and possibly the French Army; they would say that more men are going, and they would point to the fact that our Navy is not only protecting British interests, but also bringing about the economic exhaustion of Germany. As, however, the war is apparently costing us considerably more than a million a day, the economic exhaustion of Germany must be a slow and extremely expensive process; and it is clear that more expeditious and drastic action is required if the war is to be brought to a comparatively early termination. This being the case, the Government has made great efforts to raise new armies, and the response of the country has been better than anyone could have anticipated. It is now, however, plain that the Government has doubts as to whether the additional numbers required can be obtained under a purely voluntary system, and has warned us that compulsory service may in that case become unavoidable. Can anyone in his senses suppose that this Government, of all others, would make a pronouncement of this nature unless it was absolutely necessary? Yet, at once, we find people like Mr. Henderson, M.P. (newly created a Privy Councillor,



if I am not mistaken), denouncing the very idea as "unpatriotic" and actually complaining that the party strife has been broken! What, in the name of common sense, is their alternative?

The fact that up to now the voluntary system has produced admirable results is, I submit, not the real issue. What we have to consider is the future: in other words, we have to apply ourselves to the early termination of the war, and if voluntary service will not terminate it, then we must have recourse to something else. Cannot the thick-and-thin supporters of the voluntary system realise that an exceptional crisis may demand exceptional treatment, and cannot they see that if our stake in the war is greater than that of any of our Allies, then corresponding efforts are incumbent upon us? Is it too much to hope that some day they will recognise that the principle of making an able-bodied man legally responsible for the defence of his home is fairer, more dignified, and more practical than the methods which we employ here, such as the indirect compulsion of the employee by the employer, frenzied and hysterical advertisements, and the utilisation of persons of somewhat advanced middle age, like myself, for the purpose of inducing others to do what we are unable to do ourselves?

I cannot conclude without protesting against the silly vaunt so frequently expressed that a volunteer is worth at least five men who serve under a compulsory system. Such an expression is a gross insult to each of our Allies.

I am, etc.,  
NEWTON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Members' Mansions,  
Victoria Street, S.W.

SIR,—Various alternative arguments have been from time to time advanced against compulsory military service, but I have never yet heard any explanation for the Government failing to institute a system of universal training immediately on the outbreak of war. If there was really a sound reason many of us would be glad to know of it. Meanwhile, it would seem obvious that, had such a measure been taken, there need have been no anxiety as to the supply of recruits being well up to the supply of arms in point of time.

Yours, etc.,  
CHARLES BRIGHT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

21 January 1915.

SIR,—Light at length, even in dark places! Do you wish to note the effect, on the Press and among the prophets, of your crusade? If so, look at the passionate letters against the present "voluntary" system in the "Westminster Gazette" of 21 January (to-day) and 20 January. Both take one of the points you have been driving in—namely, that the present system is really a cruelly unfair and partial compulsion, not voluntarism or democracy at all; and to neither of its correspondents has the Editor of the "Westminster Gazette" one demurring word to say. "Straws show", etc.! Then turn to the "Spectator". It is only a few weeks ago that that organ forbade us even to mention obligatory or national service during the war. Now it is making ready to jettison that line, and is already hastening, if possible, to "go one better" than the SATURDAY REVIEW. After the "Westminster Gazette's" and the "Spectator's" approaching conversion, I half entertain hopes of the "Daily News" itself! As for the Government, they will follow their Press to a man.

Keep pegging away.

Yours faithfully,

AN IRISH SCOT.

## COUNTESS ROBERTS'S APPEAL FOR FIELD GLASSES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Englemere, Ascot, Berks,

21 January 1915.

SIR,—Although the appeal made by my father, Lord Roberts, to sportsmen and others to lend their race, field, or stalking glasses for the use of officers and non-commissioned officers under orders for the Front has been most gratifying, a very large number of glasses are still required.

Up to the present some 18,000 pairs of field and stalking glasses have been received. These have been carefully examined and classified by an expert before being issued. The names and addresses of the owners are registered, and the glasses themselves are engraved with an index number, in order that the owners can be traced at the conclusion of the war, and their property, when possible, returned to them.

Many people who did not possess field glasses felt that they would like to contribute towards the fund which has been raised for the purpose of purchasing them, and sent cheques instead. My father was deeply grateful for the generous response made to his appeal, but at the same time he realised that an even greater number of glasses would be required, the stock in hand being nearly exhausted, while the call for them was continuous. He had made up his mind to appeal to the public once again, and a letter to this effect had been written, but not signed, before he left for France. I therefore venture to make this further appeal in his name. All contributions will be dealt with in the same way as formerly and duly acknowledged. It is important to note that all glasses, cheques, and communications should be addressed to the Secretary, National Service League, 72, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.

I am,  
Yours faithfully,  
AILEEN ROBERTS.

## ZEPPELINS AND RECRUITING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

21 January 1915.

SIR,—One is getting more than a little tired of the argument which appears regularly whenever a German shell or bomb succeeds in killing some unfortunate woman or child on the East Coast, that it will stimulate recruiting. The argument implies that what the outbreak of war, the martyrdom of Belgium, the devastation of France, and the need of Britain apparently failed to do is to be achieved by the death of two civilians at Yarmouth and a soldier's widow and a boy of seventeen at Lynn; and that when the appeals of newspapers, the shrieking posters of the advertisement hoardings, and the torrential eloquence of the Parliamentary Recruiting Committee prove ineffectual, the exploits of a nocturnal gasbag are to waken England to her present peril.

The argument is unworthy, and I think it is untrue. Is there any evidence that more men enlisted after the bombardment of Hartlepool than before, or that crowds besieged the recruiting offices after the Zeppelins' visit? I have seen none cited.

It did not need a Zeppelin to rouse England: she was roused in August, and although she did not then understand the strength or the temper of Germany, she understood the meaning of the retreat from Mons, the fall of Antwerp, the sack of Louvain—she knew that England wanted men. But she did not know, and the Government did not inform her, how many men were wanted; she does not yet know how many have joined the colours, or how many more are required. Under such conditions the voluntary system breaks down and many of those who have volunteered of late have notoriously done so under economic compulsion, which is not less forcible as a practical argument than legal compulsion. Whether the voluntary system would in any circumstances have given us men enough for the work in hand is a matter of opinion in which I should like to venture an affirmative, but in these circumstances it was

bound to fail. The supply of volunteers for any purpose in life is limited—it is a patriotic duty to pay one's income tax, but if it were left to the voluntary system, and one had, in addition, to guess the financial needs of the State, the revenue would fall short; and not less does the Army fall short when the State calls for men, omits to say how many men it has obtained and still requires, and relies on the enemy's frank contempt for international law to stimulate recruiting.

The appeal to duty will succeed in England; the appeal to revenge—which is the argument of those who declare that the Zeppelins stimulate recruiting—will fail.

Yours, etc.,

A. WYATT TILBY.

#### RECRUITING IN IRELAND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

16 January 1915.

SIR,—Mr. Pembroke Wicks's letter in to-day's SATURDAY REVIEW affords a striking example of the difficulty, for Englishmen, of drawing any reliable conclusion from figures given with regard to Irish recruiting. He challenges my statement that the figure 26,768 for "Ulster" (quoted from the Belfast correspondent of the "Morning Post" of 7 December) included Reservists; but he produces no evidence to support his contention. He gives no details as to how this figure 26,768 was arrived at; although he does so with regard to the figure 29,266, the present total, *five weeks later*. But surely it would have been more to the point if he had given these details in the case of the figure in dispute?

I may say that, even if Mr. Wicks were right, and if Reservists had been excluded, this would not have affected my argument. The number 26,768 would still have included two different categories of recruits—viz., for new armies and old; whereas the Nationalist figure, 11,000, would have included only one—viz., recruits for the new armies; and my argument was that, unless the figures related to men of the same categories, no comparison was possible. But I think it can be shown that Mr. Wicks is mistaken, and that the very figures he now gives lead, in two different directions, to what he must regard as a *reductio ad absurdum*.

1. First, taking the figures, in accordance with Mr. Wicks's contention, as applying only to "recruits", we find that since

- (a) The figure 26,768 was given by the Belfast correspondent of the "Morning Post" on 7 December as the figure "up to Monday last"—i.e., 30 November—and
- (b) He has omitted to take into account the large numbers of Nationalist Irishmen recruited in Scotland—and the North of England and in other parts of England and Wales since the war began—and
- (c) The figure 29,006 (excluding the 260 recruits for the Royal Navy, etc.) is given by Mr. Wicks as "the latest return" up to dates varying between 2 January and 8 January—say, up to 4 January, as an average date—

we arrive at the result (and this with the County Louth contingent thrown in) that in the five weeks from 30 November to 4 January the whole of "Ulster" produced only 2,238 recruits! Which is, as Euclid would say, absurd. How, then, can Mr. Wicks contend that both the figures (a) and (b) exclude Reservists?

2. The exact words used by the Belfast correspondent on 7 December were as follows: "The Ulster division . . . numbered on the same date—i.e., 30 November—14,260. When to these numbers there is added the total of those from Ulster who have joined the various Ulster and other regiments the grand total for Ulster is 26,768". This statement does not actually mention Reservists; but that very fact seemed to me, closely examining the figures, a tacit admission of an inevitable conclusion—viz., that Reservists had been included. For, reading the statement in conjunc-

tion with Lieut.-General Sir George Richardson's letter, dated 8 December, to the "Daily Chronicle", claiming only 17,000 Ulster Volunteers up to date—i.e., a week later than the Belfast return—for "the New Army and the Regulars", what other inference could be drawn? There was, allowing for the week's difference in dates, a balance of approximately 10,000 men to be accounted for. If these men included no Reservists, then, since it is not to be supposed that large numbers of Ulster Unionists, who had refused to become "Ulster Volunteers", had yet immediately when called upon joined the new armies, the only presumption would appear to be that the majority of the 10,000 were Irish Nationalists from "Ulster"! Again does Mr. Wicks's interpretation of the figure 26,768 place him upon the horns of a dilemma!

There is another point. The exact figures now quoted by Mr. Wicks were, with the same full details, given in the "Irish Times" of 11 January, *but with this addition in footnote*: "The Irish National Volunteers in Belfast sent forward about 1,200 men to Irish brigades, and these are included in the Clifton Street and Victoria Barracks figures"—i.e., in the figures that make up the total 29,006. This seems to let in a little light; but the mystery of the 10,000 men is darker than ever. The footnote has, however, another significance. In all these figures for "Ulster" furnished from Belfast it has been generally assumed in England that by "Ulster" is meant the "Ulster" Volunteers and their friends, and that in all comparisons between "Ulster" and the "Rest of Ireland" the distinction was between, on the one hand, the "Ulster Volunteers" and those who think with them politically, and, on the other, the "Irish National Volunteers" and those who think with them. But the "Irish Times" footnote shows, if evidence were needed, that this is not the case. Yet the Belfast correspondent of the "Morning Post" (7 December) gave colour to this mistaken impression by saying: "Mr. Redmond is not to blame for these deplorable things [anti-recruiting movement and anti-enlistment Press, etc.], but to tell his people that they have done their share as compared with other parts is not the way to remedy this, nor is the statement true". And this after making a calculation to prove that "Ulster" had contributed as recruits one in nine of all male persons of recruiting age and the "Rest of Ireland" one in forty-three!

This was published in an English paper and there was only one inference for an Englishman to draw—i.e., that the "Rest of Ireland" represented "Mr. Redmond's people", who recruited one in forty-three, and Ulster "the other parts", recruiting one in nine. The fallacy of the calculation has already been shown in the SATURDAY REVIEW article, and it now further appears that not only does "Ulster" contain a good many of "Mr. Redmond's people", but that Ulster statistics sometimes include them. It may be noted here that Mr. Redmond, speaking at Tuam on 6 December, claimed that 3,513 Irish National Volunteers had already gone from Belfast to join the Colours, whereas the "Irish Times" footnote (11 January), five weeks later, allows only 1,200. But Mr. Redmond may have included Reservists, as is his habit.

Enough has been said to show how difficult it is to take these Irish recruiting figures into consideration at all—especially when the terms "Ulster" and the "Rest of Ireland" are not always to be taken at their face value. The SATURDAY REVIEW article made an honest and painstaking attempt to throw some light on the subject; and I think I have shown that very fair inferences were drawn from figures widely quoted, and that these inferences must hold the field until better evidence is adduced to disprove them.

There is a further point. My object in writing the article was not so much to find fault with the misapplication of figures, whether accurate or not, as to deprecate the use at present of figures at all, especially in the making of invidious and often misleading comparisons. But Mr. Wicks is so little impressed with this portion of the article that he now, from my point of view, makes matters worse than ever by instituting a new comparison—which, he says, is



fairest of all because "based on a percentage of the population", but which I shall show is as misleading as it is unnecessary.

He takes Lord Middleton's figures in the House of Lords; but not content with that—Lord Middleton having carefully avoided any invidious comparisons by avowedly including the counties Dublin, Wicklow, Kildare, and Carlow in the "Ulster" figures—he gives us to understand that if these counties be excluded the "Ulster" proportion per 10,000 would be raised from 127 to 189! Now this I take to be, on the whole, the most misleading comparison yet made. The figures given read as if "Ulster" (and by "Ulster" all Englishmen would understand, as I have said, the "Ulster Volunteers" and their friends) had recruited up to date 189 per 10,000, whilst the South and West—i.e., Nationalist Ireland—had only recruited 32. But (1) Mr. Wicks has omitted to state what is vital to his argument—*viz.*, that the figures quoted by Lord Middleton were only "up to 4 November"—i.e., *two and a half months ago*, when recruiting in the South and West had hardly begun; and (2) Mr. Wicks has entirely ignored the error to which attention was drawn in the SATURDAY REVIEW (9 January), and has omitted to take into account the numbers of Irish soldiers in the Regular Army, at the beginning of the war, furnished respectively by "Ulster" and the "Rest of Ireland". These numbers may, for all we know, reverse the percentages. If the South and West of Ireland had already supplied a high percentage of recruits to the Regular Army, they might no longer be in a position to recruit as well as Ulster for the new armies. We all know, too, that they labour, from a recruiting point of view, under very peculiar difficulties. But, as I have said, I detest these comparisons and distinctions. They can do no good and may do much mischief in Ireland. I am an Irish Unionist and I believe that this tremendous and desperate struggle for our existence shows more clearly than ever the absolute necessity, for national defence, of the Union, solid and inviolable, of these islands. I admired Ulster's spirit and independence before the war and her great services to the Unionist cause; and I admire and welcome now her loyal and generous response to the country's call for defenders. But at the same time I wish to see justice done to the patriotic efforts now being made by the Nationalist leaders, and, like every Irishman who understands the inner meaning of all the present portentous happenings at home and abroad, I wish to see that Ireland, North and South, gets every chance and every encouragement to play a worthy and glorious part in this great war.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

#### THE SWANSEA DISGRACE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your fine spirited article on the contemptible quarrel in Wales raises another question in one's mind. These people are the truly British: these methods and this spirit are those of true Britons, as exemplified in history. Do we really not see that, in exchanging our own nobler nomenclature, "England" and "English" for "Britain" and "British", we are running the grave danger of losing the disciplined national spirit of the English, and in adopting the Celtic nomenclature of also succumbing to the Celtic spirit? For us English there is neither continuity nor inspiration in the terms "Britain" and "British"; and those who clamour most for the substitution of the Celtic nomenclature for the English will have none of it themselves. They seem to desire only that the terms "England" and "English" shall be forgotten and shall cease to be known in the councils of the world, where for a thousand years or so they have been both known and honoured.

A very determined effort is being made, during this time of deep preoccupation with the war, to gain this end; and at the close of the war we may wake up to find ourselves

infamous for having failed to cherish, and for our heedless betrayal of, the name and race of our country and our forefathers. We hold in trust from them their name no less than their achievements.

Yours faithfully,  
AN ENGLISHWOMAN.

#### PLAINSONG.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The reviewer of Mr. Burgess's book on plain-song in your REVIEW makes some very uncompromising assertions on the use of plain-song to English words. One is that these English words are meant to be spoken, not sung. If he had known of the existence of Merbecke's "Book of Common Prayer Noted", published in 1550, one year after the First Prayer Book, or had ever looked at the rubrics of the Prayer Book of to-day, he could not have made such an extraordinary statement. If he had gone on to refer to attendance at some "High Church services" as apparently proving the unsuitability of plain-song for English words he would have been well within the mark. But attendance at such a church as that of Cowley St. John at Oxford would be a complete proof to the contrary.

E. G. P. WYATT.

#### "VENUS AND ADONIS", AND THE EARLIER SONNETS OF SHAKESPEARE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—May I make a few comments on the article under the above heading by Judge Evans, which appeared in the SATURDAY REVIEW for 26 December 1914?

The purport of the article is expressed in the following passage:—

1. That Shakespeare carried out the main argumentation and persuading part of his classical poem in a series of seventeen sonnets in which an unnamed and mythical or merely imagined Venus addresses another and imaginary Adonis.

On page 27 of my "Shakespeare, the Man and His Work" occurs the following passage:

"Is the poet dramatising again, and bringing his Adonis, if not also his Venus, on the stage of his Sonnets? I almost think so."

I am, Sir,  
Yours truly,  
MORTON LUCE.

#### THE FAMILIAR SAYING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

7, Roland Gardens, S.W.

SIR,—In your recent article upon "The Familiar Saying" you refer to one which has appeared in various shapes, and, among others, that of "God made the country and man made the town". The original (so far as I know) is: "Divina natura agros dedit, ars humana ædificavit urbes" (Varro, "De re rustica").

A later writer has thus versified it:

"Naturæ divina manus lætos dedit agros:  
Ars humana manū sceleratā condidit urbes".

This, again, has been Anglicised thus:

"We mar the grace of Nature's face  
By art—a thousand pities!  
'Twas Nature's hand that made the land,  
And man's that made the cities".

Yours faithfully,  
H. D. ELLIS.

## REVIEWS.

## THE UNCONQUERABLE WILL.

[Published this week.]

**"The Home of the Blizzard." By Sir Douglas Mawson. Heinemann. 2 Vols. 36s. net.**

THE main thing that has impressed us in reading this book—one of the world's greatest stories of adventure, there is not a moment's doubt about this—is the sense that informs it all through of a dominating, triumphing will power. We often talk, more or less picturesquely, of will power, and of men—Napoleon, for example, or Cromwell—who have possessed it in a rare degree. We affect definitions that dissociate it from obstinacy, which we agree to regard as a wholly different and inferior quality in men. A poet glorifies, almost sanctifies, the iron will in man—"O, well for him whose will is strong, he suffers but he shall not suffer long". But have we started on anything like a scientific study of will power; and is it not possible that when we have some day mastered the secrets of will power we may discover therein a cure for many of the ills of life; even a way of overcoming what now appear inevitable natural laws and of fending off old age and the decay of our intellectual and physical powers to a considerable extent?

At any rate thoughts of the kind may flit about the minds of people when they are reading portions of this extraordinary tale of inhuman hardship in that Dante-like inferno of ice and wind and snow-drift into which the author and his followers plunged joyously for the sake, ostensibly, of science and geographical knowledge; but—one cannot help suspecting—in reality also to dare and get the better of a great tussle with Nature in her most malignant moods.

The whole book more or less is the diary of an almost incessant, desperate struggle with ice, snow-drift, wind and darkness. There is plenty of scientific observation and record, it is true, in both volumes, and there are a good many interesting glimpses into the natural history of the Antarctic. The sea elephant and the sea leopard are shown often to us, and particularly well shown in some of the illustrations. The bird life of the South Polar lands and waters is not overlooked. We cannot say the Adelie penguins are described in anything like the curious detail which marked Dr. Levick's little book, "Antarctic Penguins", published a year or so since by Mr. Heinemann—who, by the way, with no little public spirit, seems to have made the Antarctic his own particular province of print. Nor do Sir Douglas Mawson and his contributors give us quite as intimate accounts as they might of such obscure and interesting species as Wilson's petrel, the silver-grey petrel, and other birds whose habits have hitherto been—necessarily—neglected by ornithologists. Still these birds are in his book, together with several species of penguins, of which one would have been glad to hear a good deal more; and one has a glimpse at least of one species of skua whose gift of flight must be more wondrous even than that of Richardson's or the Arctic skua, which the writer of this review has watched in the Mediterranean in winter time performing endless marvels in the wind. Moreover, some of the colour-photographs of birds and beasts and marine crustacea are the most striking work in this art we have seen—convincing us that colour-photography is the photography of the future.

But when all is said of Sir Douglas Mawson's interests and successes in these directions, it really remains that the chief interest of his book lies in the records of endurance and perseverance against terrible hardship and the vindictive attempts, constantly repeated, of the elements to overwhelm him and his party, to get them under and utterly obliterate all vestige of them and their journeyings.

Save for the records of Scott, we know of nothing in Antarctic or Arctic exploration, or in any branch of the literature of dangerous adventure and struggle against the elements, that quite equals, in particular, two chapters in this book—namely, "Across King

George V. Land" and "Toil and Tribulation". Sir Douglas Mawson starts on this adventure with two companions, Lieutenant Ninnis and Dr. Mertz. He loses them both. Ninnis is shot out of his sledge with some of the dogs into a crevasse whose black maw swallows him up for ever, and later Mertz falls sick, growing weaker and weaker till at length his companion, watching and nursing him, in that human brotherhood which can perhaps only be known by those in extreme elemental need, stretches out a hand and touches the rigour of death. But the climax has yet to come. The survivor still fights Nature and fate. He struggles on, all his dogs gone, all but a few pounds of food gone. He makes a few miles a day, or sometimes for days not a mile, against frightful wind and cold. He falls into crevasses, dangles at the end of his rope, meets death face to face once, twice, regarding it with no unfriendly eye. He struggles out, however, moves forward once more, fixes his tent for, it seems, inevitably his last day or night, is inundated again by hurricanes of ice wind and opaque snow-drift; rises and fares forth afresh in another day or so, and finally reaches the hut and his followers—and is recalled to life!

It is an intensely moving and a fabulous-true story—true and actual, we have not the faintest doubt, in its every detail. One cannot resist the impression that the reason why he did not go down into the black depths of the ice hell like Ninnis, or fall into a mortal sickness like Mertz, was not that he was luckier in his tumblers than the first or had a better constitution than the second, but because he had the superior will power—"to seek, to strive, to find, and not to yield". Another reader may hold there is nothing in this point of view and may prefer to say that Providence saved the explorer. But that is not getting much nearer to an understanding of how the marvellous thing was done. This is a strange, masterful book. We have sat down to it, meaning to read only a few chapters for a start; but its pages have drawn us on and on till far into the night. The pages on the wind alone have a spell; for it is well named, being indeed a book of *Æolus*.

## NAPOLEON AND THE PENINSULA.

**"A. History of the Peninsular War." By Charles Oman. Vol. V. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1914. 14s. net.**

THIS new volume of Mr. Oman's excellent History covers a peculiarly important period of the great war, for it was during this time that Napoleon's projected conquest of the Peninsula, to accomplish which he had made such tremendous efforts for over three years, reached its high-water mark. Further, it was during this time that Lord Wellington, for the first time in the long struggle he had waged against apparently insuperable difficulties, at last found himself in a position not only to hold his formidable adversary in check, but to establish a superiority over him which, save for a brief period, he never relinquished until he had, two years later, driven the last of the invaders out of Spain.

The volume may be divided roughly into three parts: the first deals with the conquest of Valencia and sundry minor operations, the second with the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, and the third with the campaign of Salamanca.

Reading this intensely interesting volume, in which all the facts are set forth in a most convincing style, supported by a mass of documentary evidence which alone shows how thoroughly Mr. Oman has striven to master the intricacies of this most intricate period, it becomes clearer and clearer that the greatest enemy to Napoleon's attempt to subjugate Spain was not Wellington's army, nor the Spanish guerrillas, nor indeed his quarrelsome and jealous marshals, but Napoleon himself. For he persisted throughout in viewing things in Spain as in his own imagination they should be and not as they actually were. Thus, having



decided in his own mind that with the conquest of Valencia the Spanish opposition would be finally overcome, he started from this false premiss and issued peremptory orders for the fresh distribution of his armies in the Peninsula, which resulted in weakening those opposed to Wellington and giving that general an opportunity of which he was not slow to take a terrible advantage. It is a long and intricate story, and as it develops it is impossible not to sympathise with the luckless King Joseph and his adviser Jourdan. For the Emperor, having withdrawn the best of his troops to take part in his Russian campaign, and by his orders to his marshals created an almost impossible military situation in Spain, inasmuch as the orders provided for a wholly imaginary situation, appointed Joseph to be commander-in-chief. Needless to say, none of the marshals would obey him, and hence arose a condition of things which accentuated, if they did not cause, the series of disasters to the French armies in Spain in 1812, which Mr. Oman has so lucidly described.

We have before now called attention to sundry failings in Mr. Oman's maps. Those given in this volume are a very great improvement in many ways on those in the earlier ones. Thus the lettering is clearer and more suitable. Also, there is no serious blunder such as was perpetrated in volume IV., where the long, low and gently falling Barrosa ridge was depicted as a miniature Mount Vesuvius of double the actual height. But Mr. Oman continues to allow his cartographer to play strange pranks. Thus the direction of the north is only indicated on one out of the fourteen maps and plans. Of course, it is open to the reader to assume that, as in an atlas, the north is at the top, but surely it would be simpler to indicate this, especially in plans of battles? Again, it is absolutely necessary that a map should have a suitable scale marked on it. Yet we are here given the plan of the Battle of Saguntum as well as the scene of Hill's famous exploit at the bridge of Almaraz with no scales at all. Sometimes Mr. Oman partially relents, as at Badajoz, where we find a scale of mètres, although in his text he deals with yards. Several of the maps are inserted in the wrong places, which makes it impossible to consult them when studying the text. This is a real misfortune and should be seen to in future issues.

#### GLORIOUS ZEUS.

"Zeus: A Study of Ancient Religion." By A. B. Cook.  
Cambridge University Press. Vol. I. £2 5s. net.

[REVIEWED BY BISHOP FRODSHAM.]

THIS book has appeared, very opportunely, at a moment when England may be said to have rediscovered her own scholarship. It is essentially a scholarly work written for scholars. It is encyclopædic within its own limitations, and its author is as modest in phraseology as he is courageous in theory. So many works of a similar scope and character have been disfigured by a turgid style, or they have been so baldly definitive as to possess no style at all. Mr. Cook is as lucid as a Frenchman. He is scientifically accurate, and yet he can write good English, rising at times into something like graceful eloquence. The Syndicalists of the Cambridge Press also deserve high praise for publishing such a book in such a manner and at such a time as this. Someone has asserted recently that no book can have an assured sale in England for some months to come that does not deal directly or indirectly with the war. From cover to cover there is not one word in "Zeus" that can be twisted in a military or political fashion. This, from a publisher's point of view, would appear to increase the business risk which, under far more happy circumstances, would have been heavy. And yet the risk may not be so great as it appears. The last comprehensive monograph upon "Zeus" was published over eighty years ago; and no librarian of any great institution can afford to leave this monumental work

out of his shelves. Only one criticism need be made, and that is discounted by the excellence of the illustrations. The book is almost as weighty in the hands as a piece of shrapnel shell.

The previous comprehensive monograph upon Zeus was written by T. B. Eméric-David, and was published in Paris in 1833 in two octavo volumes. Writing of his predecessor's work Mr. Cook remarks:

"In the interval much water has gone under the classical mill. Indeed, the stream flows from remoter ranges and some of its springs rise from greater depths than our grandfathers guessed. Nowadays we dare not claim to understand the religions of Greece and Rome without an adequate knowledge of contiguous countries and an inkling of prehistoric antecedents. . . . Changed conditions have brought with them a great influx of material. . . . Important sites where Zeus was worshipped have been identified and examined. His caves on Mount Dikte and Mount Ide, his precinct on the summit of Mount Lykaion, his magnificent altar on the Pergamene Akropolis, his temples at Olympia and Athens and many another cult-centre, have been planned and published with the minutest care. Inscriptions, too, are discovered almost daily, and not a few of them commemorate local varieties of this ubiquitous deity—now thirty or forty questions scratched on slips of lead and addressed to his oracle at Dodona, now a contract for the building of his temple at Lebadeia, now again a list of his priests at Korykos, odd details of his rites at Iasos, a hymn sung in his service at Palaikastro, and votive offerings to him from half the towns of Greece. Such information, fresh and relevant, accumulates apace. Moreover, those who can neither dig nor travel carry on the quest at home. Year in, year out, the universities of Europe and America pour forth a never-ending flood of dissertations and programmes, pamphlets and articles, devoted to the solution of particular problems in ancient religion; and a large proportion of these is more or less intimately concerned with Zeus."

These are the words of a man who knows the romance of scholarship, and who has the power of inspiring others with his own spirit!

To have coped with a vast and rapidly accumulating mass of material is no small feat of industry. It has rendered any trivial criticism as to details impertinent. So far as may be judged from a cursory and imperfect examination, Mr. Cook, like Sir James Fraser, has been most scrupulous in verifying his references. As to his theories, it must be remembered that this first volume, valuable as it is as a storehouse of salient facts, is only the precursor of a second which may be expected to deal with the great problems of religion in general. When the whole scheme has been displayed, then it may be possible to criticise what really matters, although it may be found even then that the wind has been taken out of the critic's sails by Mr. Cook himself. He has a trick of stating objections to his own theories very frankly, and of acknowledging that he may be wrong even when he persists in the course he has taken. Here is a case in point. Mr. Cook writes:

"To some it may be a surprise that I have not made more use of ethnology as a master-key wherewith to unlock the complex chambers of Greek religion. I am far from underestimating the value of that great science, and I can well imagine that the mythology of the future may be based on ethnological data. But, if so, it will be based upon the data of future ethnology. For at present ethnologists are still at sixes and sevens with regard to the racial stratification of ancient Greece. . . . Hypotheses that stand to-day may be upset to-morrow; and to build an edifice on foundations so insecure would be seriously to imperil its stability."

It is impossible to indicate in this brief review more than the general conclusion Mr. Cook has reached at the present stage. Zeus, whose name means "the bright one", was the supreme Deity of the ancient Greeks. He was the glorious god of the bright and daylight sky. This fact is beyond dispute, at least so

far as the historical period of the nation is concerned. Mr. Cook advances a theory that in the beginning all idea of godhead was non-existent. The Greeks, "starting from a sense of frank, childish wonder, not unmingled with fear, at the sight of the animate sky, mounted by slow degrees of enlightenment to a recognition of the physical, intellectual and moral supremacy of the sky-god". This is taking a great deal for granted that many practical anthropologists would stoutly assert was non-proven—to use a very useful Scottish law term. But with regard to the gradual evolution of religious ideas—an evolution which does not connote progress invariably at least along the whole line—there will be very general agreement.

On the lower levels and slopes of their religious life the Greeks were entangled in those far-reaching cults which swept across the ancient world, or they were dragged back by a religious atavism that has not yet disappeared from Europe. Indeed, as the sweep of the book widens, and the stream of evidence increases in volume, the intellectual and moral attributes of the sky-god become overshadowed by a physical quality. From first to last Zeus was worshipped as Father; that is, he was regarded as a procreative god. The invocation *Zeû páter*, familiar to us from Homeric poems, became stereotyped on Italian soil as the name Jupiter. But this was not exclusively anthropomorphic imagery. Zeus, conceived as sky-father, had an essential physical relationship to Earth-mother, and the offspring of their union were the various forms of life throughout the world. It is at this point where the lower forms of Zeus-imagery and Zeus-ritual commence to intrude themselves. On the one hand there are the ram-gods and the bull-gods that symbolised the procreative force that increased the flocks and herds of a cattle-breeding people; on the other hand the obscure forms of phallic worship which were almost as great a danger to the religious progress of the Greeks as they undoubtedly were to that of the Hebrews. On their higher religious levels of poetry and philosophy the Greeks pressed far in their attempt to apprehend "an unknown God", although as St. Paul so finely said upon Mars Hill, "He be not far from every one of us". Here the Greeks joined hands with a later generation, and pressed on close to our own conceptions of the Divine Being. Concerning the higher ritual of Zeus worship Mr. Cook writes with fine insight and sympathy: "Zeus god of the Bright Sky is also Zeus god of the Dark Sky; and it is in this capacity, as lord of the drenching rain-storm, that he fertilises his consort the earth-goddess and becomes the Father of a divine Son, whose worship with its rites of regeneration and its promise of immortality taught that men might in mystic union be identified with their god, and thus in thousands of wistful hearts throughout the Hellenic world awakened longings that could be satisfied only by the coming of the very Christ".

#### THE DECADENCE OF AN EMPIRE.

"The Spanish Dependencies in South America." By Bernard Moses. 2 Vols. Smith, Elder. 21s. net.

AT all times the story of the decline and fall of an empire demands the careful study of the surviving nations, but seldom or never can the question of underlying causes have deserved as close attention as in these days. The great States of Europe struggle for existence or supremacy, and to the conflict of races is added a conflict of irreconcilable ideals. In such an age the name of Babylon and the tale of Rome may well be in men's minds. Spain, one of the few countries whose departure from neutrality has not been seriously discussed during the months of war, stands far aloof from the turmoil, yet her history contains lessons of the first importance. Professor Bernard Moses has chosen for his study the period when Spain, possessing a rich empire as the reward of the energy of her pioneers, settled down to enjoy the fruits of discovery and conquest. His book ends before the

hour of revolution, but his eyes are often on the disintegrating influences which were at work.

From the time of Scipio to the Moorish campaigns of O'Donnell, the Spaniards maintained their soldierly traditions. Even in the hopeless struggle with the United States, lacking all the apparatus of modern warfare, they showed defiant courage, and seldom, indeed, have ships set out as gallantly on a forlorn chance as those four ill-fated cruisers which crossed the Atlantic to meet the American fleet. Certainly it is to no lack of martial spirit that we can place Spain's loss of place as a Great Power; yet however the arts of war were cultivated, those of peace were never neglected. Among statesmen, thinkers, and artists she produced Ferdinand X., Henry of Arragon, Gonsalvo of Cordova, Hosius, Lull, Servetus, Cervantes, Calderon, Lope de Vega, Velasquez, and Murillo. The list is one of which any country might be proud. The Spanish genius was strong enough to mould a continent to its culture, and had in it enough human elements to secure permanence in spite of imperial downfall. When it is seen that this wonderful union of talents could not maintain the nation among the world-Powers, it is realised that a deep search must be made for the disease which wasted so glorious a body, and in the first place, perhaps, it would be well to dismiss as exaggeration much that has been written of the sinister influence of the Church. Professor Moses, it is clear, is a writer with no love for clericalism, but he is too well informed to attempt anything like an organised attack on the forces of religion as they worked in South America. The Church of Rome and its emissaries, particularly the Jesuits, are popularly blamed for many calamities which have befallen Europe, but their record in the western world is undeniably noble.

Among all the horrors of the conquest of the Indians there is one white spot where can be placed the names of the wise Ximenes and the good Las Casas. These churchmen established a tradition which nothing could shake, and for the native population the best friends were ever the devoted monks and clergy. By the order of Las Casas absolution was withheld from slave-owners, and the King's Preachers appeared before the Council of the Indies to cry that religion was disgraced and the crown defamed by the conduct of the settlers and conquerors. "Very piercing and terrible words" were spoken, too, by the Dominican missionaries against such as were ill-treating and bringing into bondage the native race; but it is to the Jesuits we must look for the finest and most successful stand against the greed for gain which had been bred from the discovery of a whole rich continent. The story of their settlement in Paraguay is without parallel in history. From this region they excluded all strangers who might come to exploit it, and gave themselves utterly to the task of raising the mental, moral, and material conditions of the Indians. A few critics have complained that the country had not progressed further by the time of their expulsion in 1767, but the complaint is either frivolous or malicious. With a wisdom rare among missionaries and other envoys of civilisation, the Jesuits did not try to do the work of centuries in a few years, and they were peculiar among zealots in their leniency to eccentricities of faith among their converts. How much they accomplished is, however, shown by the subsequent history of the country. The hundred years after they left were a period of darkness, yet, at the end of that time, the little State of Paraguay, urged by the mad ambition of the younger Lopez, defied and for years was able to resist the united republics of Brazil, Argentine, and Uruguay.

Some years ago a writer, endeavouring to explain the decadence of Spain, declared it to be due to the absence of "the trading spirit". Never, surely, has a worse explanation been advanced. Underlying every commercial effort is, we presume, the desire for gain. If something can be had for nothing, or a profit of a hundred per cent. can be obtained instead of normal



returns, as was the case in the Indies, we may take it that, far from being lessened, the trading spirit is thereby increased. The Spaniards, indeed, went into the speculation of the New World not in the way of the small shopkeeper who by strict attention to farthings is going to found a fortune, but after the manner of a trust king. When Spain and Portugal established themselves masters of South America, they achieved the greatest "corner" on record. In the haste of the conquerors to get rich can be detected all the passion of the most avid City speculator. The story of the settlement tells us to what amazing lengths men may be carried in the excitement of a trading adventure, risking life at every turn in the mere lust of gold. Soul, as well as body, was thrown into the balance against wealth, for the ruling race, Catholic as it was, made mock of the anathema of the Church when it stood between them and the satisfaction of their cupidity. It is not too much to say that downfall of the colonial empire was due in the first and the last place to the frenzy for riches which had been generated by the early explorer's stories of vast fortunes to be won. Overblown racial pride, weak monarchs, and dissolute courts can in part be blamed; yet these were, perhaps, effects rather than causes of the trouble. Spain acquired wealth such as the world had never known, and in attempting to gain more and more simply overreached herself and was broken.

Many wise and humane laws, promulgated by the Government, often at the suggestion of the Church, should have made South America happy among conquered lands and secured concord between colonists and Indians. The care these show for the natives contrast favourably with English methods of the same period, but they were never put properly into execution, since their tendency was to check the rapid acquisition of riches. Later, when the colonists had won fortunes, they, in their turn, were made victims of the needy officials ruling in Lima and other centres of government. Home control could not, perhaps, have been made really effective at that period, but it may be doubted whether the nation in general appreciated its responsibilities. Despite their huge colonies, the Spaniards remained a home-keeping people. Worn by long wars against Moors and Franks, they desired rest and showed little sign of following the world which moved beyond their shores and mountains. The mass of the population, prospering on co-operation and enjoying large tracts of common land, preserving the traditions of civil liberty inherited from the Visigoths, and meeting in their village councils at summons of the church bell, cared little how Madrid played with their wider destinies. The Spanish Government failed largely through the very excellence of its intentions. When the greedy adventurers of the first generations had had their day, they were succeeded by bureaucrats who, sent to check them, proved no less greedy. Religion censured, but could not exorcise, the materialistic view of empire which this state of affairs created, and it is scarcely necessary to look further for causes of the overthrow of Spanish power. This conclusion is implicit in Professor Moses's work, as it must be in every careful and fair historical study of the development of South America.

#### NOVELS.

"First Cousin to a Dream." By Cyril Harcourt. Lane. 6s.

OUTSIDE Mr. Kipling's story of the Brushwood Boy, nobody reaches the land where dreams come into touch with life. The nearest approach is probably what Mr. Harcourt calls "first cousin" to them. It is not always dreary work looking on at other people's happiness. In this case it is very cheery work, for Mr. Harcourt has an irresistible charm of youth and good spirits. And although he pictures an earthly paradise he does not forget the things of the spirit. Those who followed the fortunes of Jerry and Ursula through their courting days in "The World's Daytime" will find them a still

more fascinating couple now that they have settled down into the estate of married care. Incidentally, Mr. Harcourt gives a vivid description of life at a Swiss sports hotel and in various places in the South of France and Italy. But it is the bubbling effervescence of Ursula and Jerry that attracts. They are indeed first cousins to a dream, for the world unfortunately contains few such blithe and irresponsible people, nor does the sun always shine.

Mr. Harcourt very wisely does not allow the shadow of a cloud to fall upon these two whose life is passed in pleasant places. He persists in the happy ending. The happy ending has come into disrepute because too often it has no relation to anything in the world beyond the author's desire to make his readers comfortable. But the happy ending which is false does not necessarily condemn the happy ending which is true.

"Bridget Considine." By Mary Crosbie. Bell. 6s.

This is an exceptionally well-written and interesting novel. Miss Mary Crosbie is a writer who should go far. She has a grip of character, exuberant spirits, humour, and a taking style. Bridget Considine is a real creation—no mere dummy figure, but a live personality of flesh and blood, who appeals to our imagination and sympathy. From the first we realise that she is no ordinary girl, as when we see her in early days, a Pagan little person, building an altar of sooty earth to the forgotten gods in the back garden of the shabby lodging-house where she lives with her father. Even those dreary, poverty-stricken days spent in mean streets she was able to redeem and colour by her imagination. Absolutely fearless and bound by no convention, she soon determined that she meant to wrest from life all its choicest gifts.

She found probabilities very little use, and the actual almost an insult. Her life ran swiftly. When there was nothing doing she would arrange for a "think", as some people arrange for a party or count on a sporting fixture, seriously and joyfully looking to the hour when she might be alone and begin. It had a richness and fulness that made her hunger pinch the less, and as time passed and her outward life remained at a dead level, "the think sometimes seemed more worth having than the thing". As a girl she came under the influence of a smug self-educated young man, "with the smudgy features of the anyhow bred", who spared her no enlightenment and tried for truth's sake to show her life as a staring-eyed thing, hungry and obscure. But she refused to accept his vision, and all her life Bridget Considine remained an idealist, something of an epicurian also, clutching from the passing moment all that it had to yield, yet always with a vision beyond of a world fairer than that about her.

The early part of the story, which traces the development of her highly coloured personality, is by far the most interesting. Later, when Bridget is brought into contact with the greater world, and is loved by a man of the county family class, bound by its strict traditions, the tale rather loses its grip. The pictures of life in the west of Ireland are very well done, and the book ranks high above the ordinary novel.

#### LATEST BOOKS.

"Ancient and Medieval Art." By Margaret H. Bailey. 40 Illustrations. Methuen. 5s.

"A Simple Guide to Pictures." By Mrs. Henry Head. 34 Illustrations. Chatto & Windus. 5s.

These books tackle the same problem—the introduction of people to art—in different ways. The former, "intended for parents and teachers, is the outcome of picture talks to children of nine to fifteen years old". The author's idea is to reconstruct something of the atmosphere in which ancient and medieval art was produced. All questions of aesthetics were omitted from the lessons, from which this book developed, because "it is unwise to attempt any definite teaching on the subject". The plan of the book is as follows: A story is first told about, say, Rahotep and Nefert (or Nofert), the originals of the Third Dynasty Statues in the Cairo Museum. This story is, of course, imaginary, though reasonably close to such probability as can be pieced together by research. Then is described the excavation of 1905 that discovered the tomb of Yuaa and Tuua (Eighteenth

Dynasty) near Thebes; next comes an historical sketch of Egypt and a chronological outline of Egyptian art and religion. The same plan is used for the Babylonian, Chinese, Greek, Arab, Roman and Gothic periods; it is very well done, and gives the book a high place among the few works that successfully attempt this difficult problem. Mrs. Head's book is less ingenious; it is made up of Vasari anecdotes, scraps of history and pleasant little descriptions of pictures, mainly on the surface. That her history is not flawless is too easily seen; the date of Jan van Eyck's death is 1441, for instance, and nothing is more certain than that the Van Eycks did not "discover" oil painting. Nor can we think of a more curious method of introducing Rembrandt's "Woman Wading" (in the National Gallery) than Mrs. Head's description, or a more misconceived idea of Rembrandt than that quoted by her—"a saint among painters". We note that Mrs. Head positively identifies Botticelli's "Venus" with Smeralda Bandinelli; this is highly disputable, we believe, and Simonetta Vespucci has at least as good a title to the honour. We think that while this book, with its various inaccuracies and misspellings, might fairly be called an unpretentious guide to certain painters, it cannot be seriously regarded as a guide to the important qualities in pictures. The coloured illustrations are not good, the half-tones are too dark.

Use large maps—this was Lord Salisbury's famous advice twenty years or so since to his countrymen, and it holds good to-day if it ever did. We need to have the geography of this war, at least the outlines of it, imprinted on our minds with perfect distinctness, and to this end large clear maps are indispensable. Two which have lately been published by Messrs. Phillips, fulfil admirably our requirements, and in most houses there is a room or two with a vacant space on a wall for one or both. The "Large Scale Strategical War Map of Europe, Central and Eastern Area" has just been issued; and the corresponding map for the western campaign was issued by the same firm last year. Each map includes a full index, and its price is 6s. mounted on rollers.

### BOOKS RECEIVED.

#### HISTORY AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

- The British Empire and the United States (W. A. Dunning). Allen and Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.  
Field Archaeology as Illustrated by Hampshire (J. P. Williams-Freeman). Macmillan. 15s. net.  
Behind the Scenes in the Terror (H. Fleischmann). Greening. 12s. 6d. net.  
The History of Melanesian Society (W. H. R. Rivers). Cambridge University. 2 Vols. 36s. net.

#### LAW.

- The Magistrate's Practice. Stevens. 20s.  
Law of the Constitution (A. V. Dicey). Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.

#### THEOLOGY.

- Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics (Edited by James Hastings). Vol. VII. T. and T. Clark. 28s. net.  
The Fundamentals of the Religious State (S. C. Hughson). Longmans. 6s. net.

#### TRAVEL.

- The Home of the Blizzard (Sir Douglas Mawson). 2 Vols. Heinemann. 36s. net.  
African Adventure Stories (J. Alden Loring). Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.  
A Yorkshireman Abroad (E. J. Smith). Long. 3s. 6d.  
Progressive Portugal (Ethel C. Hargrove). Werner Laurie. 6s. net.  
Thirty-five Years in Russia (George Hume). Simpkin. 10s. 6d. net.  
Friendly Russia (Denis Garstin). Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.  
The Lower Amazon (Algot Lange). Putnam. 10s. 6d. net.  
Alone in the Sleeping-Sickness Country (Felix Oswald). Kegan Paul. 8s. 6d. net.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

- Artificial Waterways of the World (A. Barton Hepburn). Macmillan. 5s. 6d. net.  
Aspects of Modern Drama (F. W. Chandler). Macmillan. 8s. 6d.  
Canadian Essays and Addresses (W. Peterson). Longmans. 10s. 6d.  
Chess Strategy (Edward Laskar). Bell. 5s. net.  
Corpus Astronomiæ (O'Connell and Henry). Nutt. 10s. 6d. net.  
Germany, France, Russia, and Islam (H. von Treitschke). Jarrold. 7s. 6d. net.  
Home Landscapes (W. Robinson). Murray. 52s. 6d. net.  
Know Thyself (Bernardino Varisco). Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.  
Letters from Persia and India (Gen. Sir G. D. Barker). Bell. 7s. 6d. net.  
Logic (C. Read). Moring. 6s.  
Solitaries of the Sambuca (D. Mauldsley). Burns. 5s. net.  
The New Map of Europe, 1911-14 (H. A. Gibbons). Duckworth. 6s. net.  
The Practical Book of Period Furniture (H. D. Eberlein). Lippincott. 21s. net.  
The World War (F. Baldwin). Macmillan. 5s. 6d. net.  
Town Planning (G. Cadbury). Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.  
Village Folk-Tales of Ceylon (H. Parker). Vols. II. and III. Luzac.  
What I Found Out (By an English Governess). Chapman and Hall. 6s. net.  
Year Book of Social Progress. Nelson. 5s. net.

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**FREEMAN, HARDY AND WILLIS.**

ALDERMAN J. NORTH, presiding at the annual meeting of Freeman, Hardy and Willis, Ltd., held last Monday at Leicester, said the directors were pleased to meet the shareholders under such very favourable circumstances as far as the business of Freeman, Hardy and Willis was concerned. It was a matter for profound gratification that the business of the country during the year had been so well maintained, and that Freeman, Hardy and Willis had shared in the general prosperity. Trade might be described, since war was declared, as phenomenal, and in saying that he was speaking particularly of the boot and shoe trade, although the same remark would apply to most of the country's industries. As they were all aware, huge demands had been made upon manufacturers for boots for the men at the front and for those who were being trained for active service. That demand had altered the whole aspect of affairs. One of the effects of the present activity in the boot trade had been to force up the price of leather, and in his opinion it was altogether beyond what was legitimate. When he said it was beyond what was legitimate he was bearing in mind the cost of hides; while hides had risen perhaps 1d. or 1½d., certainly not more than 2d. per lb., the advance in the price of the finished article was altogether out of comparison with the advance which had taken place in the raw material. This had created, especially for some manufacturers, a very awkward situation. It was peculiar in this respect that it was not only the particular class of leather employed in the making of army boots, but it applied to every description of leather, light materials that could have no sort of relationship with the needs of the War Office. It had been suggested by some who had already commented upon the balance-sheet of that company that its profits had been swollen by its participation in this class of business, but that was not the case. They had done a considerable business with the Territorial Associations in different parts of the country, and they had supplied a fair quantity of boots to the War Office, but he could say without the slightest hesitation that they had not exploited either the Territorials or the men serving at the Front. They had only looked for a fair and reasonable profit on the business which they had done, and further, as an evidence that it had not had any great or appreciable effect on the business of Freeman, Hardy and Willis, that while in the aggregate it amounted to a considerable sum, yet it was almost a negligible quantity compared with the turnover of the company. The ordinary trade had been exceptionally good. He believed in the main the working classes had been well employed, and they had earned very good wages. They had placed on the market specialities made in their own factory, and those had served a very material purpose, and no doubt helped to make the profits larger than they had been in preceding years. The outlook for the next few months might be described as hopeful. Beyond that, prudence suggested that a non-committal attitude was the right one. The future was shrouded in mystery, and it was more than likely that there would be a reaction, that trade would not be as buoyant certainly as it was at the present time, and there was a possibility it might fall much below the average; but whatever might be said in that regard could only be a matter of speculation. After making provision for all working expenses, debenture interest and depreciation of shop fixtures, leases and freehold properties, the net profit of the year was £97,338, which with £41,990 brought forward made an available balance of £139,328. The directors proposed a dividend on ordinary shares at 12½ per cent. per annum and 2½ per cent. bonus; bonus to employees, £5,625; income tax (reserve), £5,000; due to directors and staff, £7,600; reserve for freehold and leasehold premises, £10,000; reserve for contingencies, £5,000; managers' superannuation fund, £5,000; local and other charities, £2,000; balance forward, £48,652. The directors had no hesitation in making those recommendations, especially in existing circumstances. They had had a good year; prudence dictated that it was then that they ought to provide for a rainy day.

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I. ON LAND. By Col. W. P. BLOOD (with map).

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